Glen. 157. c.

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OF SCOTTISH MUSIC

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Glen 157c

THE MUSICAL MISCELLANY;

Being a COLLECTION *of*

CHOICE SONGS,

AND

LYRICK POEMS:

With the BASSES *to each* TUNE, *and Tranſpos'd for the* FLUTE.

By the moſt Eminent MASTERS.

VOLUME *the* FOURTH.

LONDON:

Printed by and for JOHN WATTS, *at the* Printing-Office *in* Wild-Court *near* Lincoln's-Inn Fields.

MDCCXXX.

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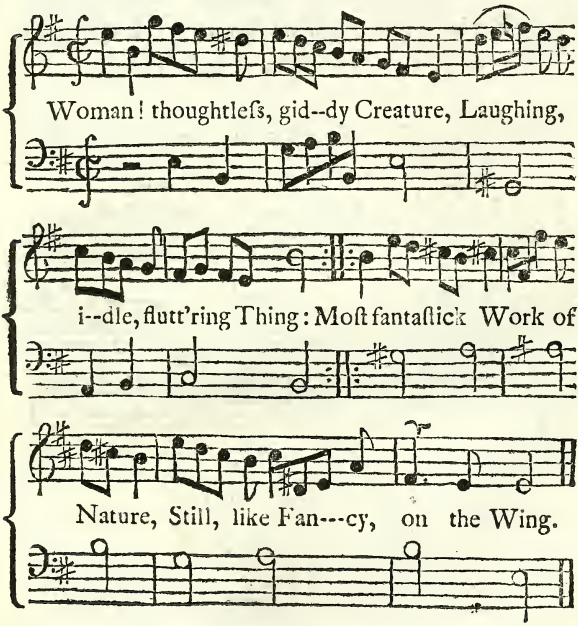

Woman! thoughtleſs, gid--dy Creature, Laughing,
i--dle, flutt'ring Thing: Moſt fantaſtick Work of
Nature, Still, like Fan---cy, on the Wing.

Slave to ev'ry changing Paſſion,
  Loving, Hating, in extream:
Fond of ev'ry fooliſh Faſhion,
  And, at beſt, a pleaſing Dream.

Lovely-Trifle! dear-Illuſion!
  Conq'ring-Weakneſs! wiſh'd-for-Pain!
Man's chief Glory, and Confuſion,
  Of all Vanity moſt vain!

Thus, deriding Beauty's Pow'r,
  Bevil call'd it all a Cheat;
But in leſs than half an Hour
  Kneel'd, and whin'd, at *Celia*'s Feet.

For the FLUTE.

FANNY KNAPP.

By a Gentleman of OXFORD.

Set by Mr. *J. SHEELES.*

O were *Thorſday* but come, How I'd run from my
Room, And throw off my Gown and my Cap; To
Abingdon go, as ſpruce as a Beau, To
Dance with my Fair *Fan--ny Knapp.*

Let other Men ſtrole
From hence to the Pole,
And travel all over the Map;
I'm ſure they'll ne'er find,
Among Woman-kind,
One ſo lovely as Fair *Fanny Knapp*.

Had I Genius and Fire,
Such as er'ſt did inſpire
The Boſoms of *Blackmore*, and *Trap*,
Oh! how like any Thing,
Would I carrol, and ſing
The Praiſes of Fair *Fanny Knapp*.

Not gay *Wilks*'s Heart,
When he tops *Wildair*'s Part,
Receives ſo much Joy from a Clap,
As I, could Gold Finches,
And a Man of my Inches
Commend me to Fair *Fanny Knapp*.

Let the Sot boaſt his Pleaſure,
Who drinks beyond meaſure,
And ſits the long Day at the Tap;
He's not half ſo happy,
Tho' drown'd in his Nappy,
As I with my Fair *Fanny Knapp*.

As you often have ſeen
A Faggot when green,
In the Fire boiling over with Sap;

So

So my fooliſh fond Heart
Ferments in each Part,
While inflam'd by my Fair *Fanny Knapp*.

Not a Baby in Town,
When Nurſe-Maid is gone,
So whimpers and cries for his Pap,
As I, when away,
The leaſt Part of a Day,
Lament for my Fair *Fanny Knapp*.

When Dunns at my Door,
At leaſt half a Score,
Succeſſively ply the loud Rapp,
I bid 'em away;
For what can he pay,
That's undone by his Fair *Fanny Knapp*?

The Cobler in's Hole
Waxes ſad to the Soul,
If he chances to loſe but his Strapp;
Alas! ſo I ſhall
Loſe my End, and my All,
If at laſt I loſe Fair *Fanny Knapp*.

The Butcher his Meat,
That we ſweetly may eat,
From Fly-blows defends with a Flap;
So, I'd have you to know,
I'll butcher that Beau,
That dares fly-blow my Fair *Fanny Knapp*.

Some, inflam'd with Deſire
Of ſweet Figs in the Fire,
Burn boldly at fam'd Dragon-Snap;
More vent'rous am I,
Thro' the Flames of her Eye,
To catch at my Fair *Fanny Knapp*.

I ſaw t'other Day,
And envy'd poor *Tray*,
When ſhe threw from her Table a Scrap;
I'll be hang'd for a Rogue,
If I'd not be a Dog,
To be fed by my Fair *Fanny Knapp*.

Were ſhe once ſet to Sale,
As her Charms cou'd not fail
To bring her in many a Chap;
I'd defie any Pow'r,
Leſs than *Jove*, and his Show'r,
To outbid me for Fair *Fanny Knapp*.

Tho' of all things I hate
To be damnably beat,
Yet methinks I could bear a good Slap,
Were the Bargain but this,
To be heal'd by a Kiſs
From the Lips of my Fair *Fanny Knapp*.

Hark! officious bright Sun,
When this Stage you have run,
And retire to your *Thetis*'s Lap;

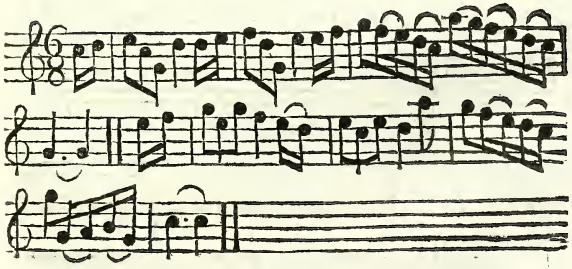
To

To Eternity ſtay,
We can never want Day,
While enlight'ned by Fair *Fanny Knapp*.

Poor *Swift*, on a Time,
At a Loſs for a Rhime,
Was ſupply'd by a very good Hap;
Let Him now by his Skill,
Or the Help of his De'el,
Find another for Fair *Fanny Knapp*.

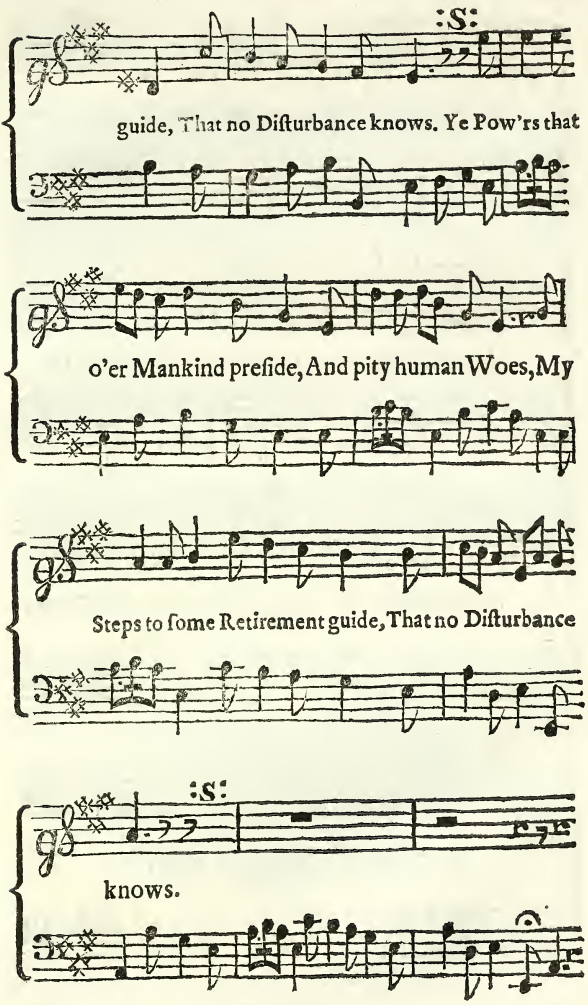
P. S. My Muſe ran ſo faſt,
She had like in her haſte,
To have left in my Sonnet a Gap;
Tho' I doubt not the Dean,
If This — he had ſeen,
He'd have ſtopp'd it for Fair *Fanny Knapp*.

For the FLUTE.



The INVOCATION.

Set by Mr. *BONONCINI.*


:S:
guide, That no Disturbance knows. Ye Pow'rs that
o'er Mankind preside, And pity human Woes, My
Steps to some Retirement guide, That no Disturbance
:S:
knows.

There

There let my Soul forget her Pain, Reſtor'd to
bliſsful Peace again; Nor e'er re----ſign the
calm Retreat, To feel the Sorrows of the Great:
To feel the Sorrows of the Great. D. C.

For

For the FLUTE.

WOMAN.

Set by Mr. ABIEL WHICHELLO.

When thy Beauty appears, With its Graces and Airs, All
bright as an An--gel new dropt from the Sky; At
diſtance I gaze, and am aw'd by my Fears; So
ſtrangely you dazle, you dazle my Eye.

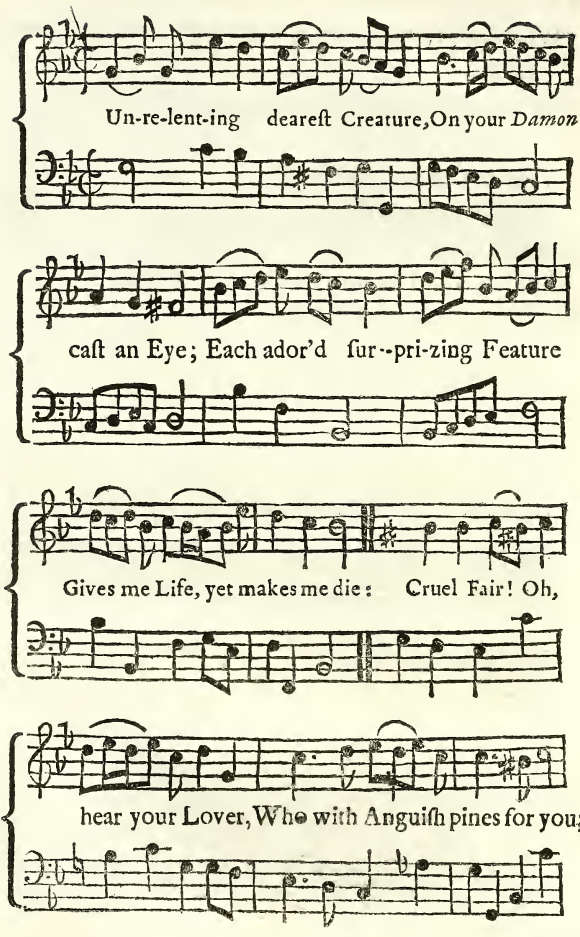
But

But when, without Art,
Your kind Thoughts you impart,
When your Love runs in Bluſhes thro' every Vein;
When it darts from your Eyes, when it pants from your Heart,
Then I know you're a Woman again.

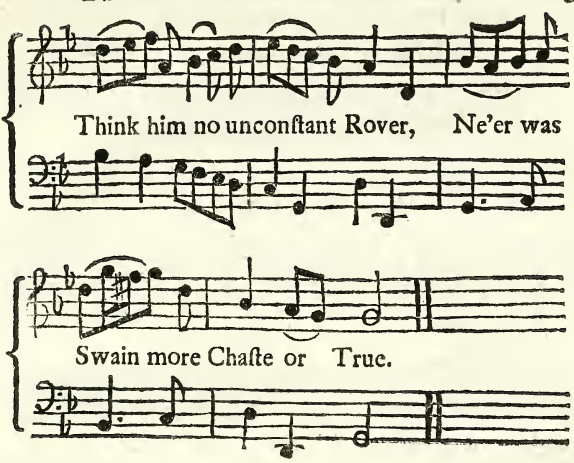
There's a Paſſion and Pride
In our Sex (ſhe reply'd;)
And thus (might I gratify both) I wou'd do:
Still an Angel appear to each Lover beſide,
But yet be a Woman to you.

For the FLUTE.

The Words by Mr. *H. C.*


Un-re-lent-ing deareſt Creature, On your *Damon*
caſt an Eye; Each ador'd ſur--pri-zing Feature
Gives me Life, yet makes me die: Cruel Fair! Oh,
hear your Lover, Who with Anguiſh pines for you;

Think



Anſwer'd by another Hand.

Ceaſe, tormenting vain Deceiver,
Cloe all your Arts defies;
Cares not, if you will believe her,
Whether *Damon* lives or dies:
Trifling Swain, your Suit give over,
And implore *Corinna*'s Charms;
Know young *Cloe*'s doom'd a Lover,
But to bleſs her *Strephon*'s Arms.

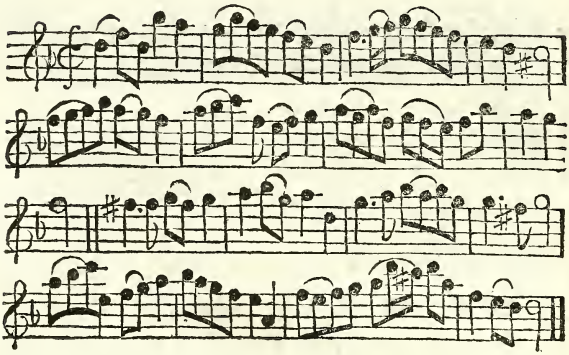
A Reply by Mr. H. C.

Since nor Faith nor Truth can move you,
In behalf of *Damon*'s Suit;
Cloe, know, altho' I lov'd you,
Scorn produces other Fruit:

Tak

Take your faithleſs canting Rover,
Claſp him in deluded Arms;
Damon joys, who was your Lover,
That his Rival loaths your Charms.

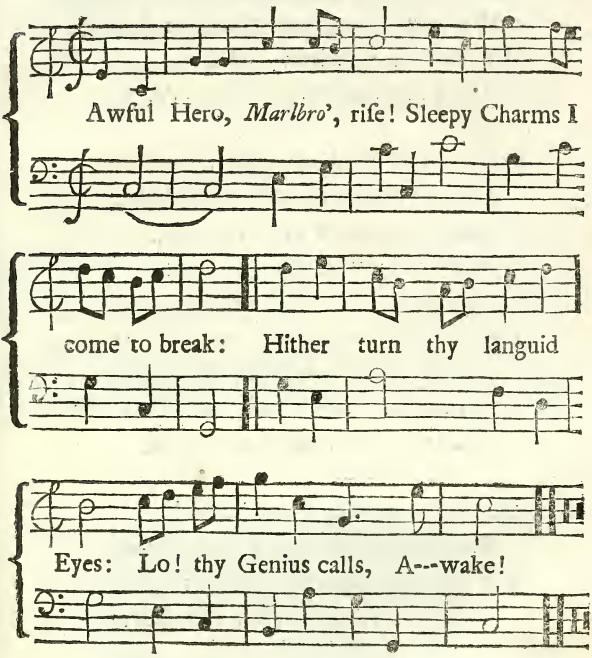
For the FLUTE.



The GENIUS.

Written in 1717, on Occaſion of the Duke of *Marlborough*'s Apoplexy.

By Mr. WELSTED. *Set by Mr.* J. SHEELES.



Well ſurvey this faithful Plan,
Which records thy Life's great Story;
'Tis a ſhort, but crowded Span,
Full of Triumphs, full of Glory.

One by One thy Deeds review:
Sieges, Battles thick appear;
Former Wonders loſt in New,
Greatly fill each pompous Year!

This is *Blenheim*'s Crimſon Field,
Wet with Gore, with Slaughter ſtain'd!
Here retiring Squadrons yield,
And a bloodleſs Wreath is gain'd.

Ponder in thy God-like Mind,
All the Wonders thou haſt wrought;
Tyrants, from their Pride declin'd,
Be the Subject of thy Thought!

Reſt thee here, while Life may laſt:
Th' utmoſt Bliſs to Man allow'd,
Is to trace his Actions paſt,
And to find 'em Great and Good.

But 'tis gone — O Mortal born!
Swift the fading Scenes remove —
Let 'em paſs with noble Scorn:
Thine are Worlds which roll above.

Poets, Prophets, Heroes, Kings,
Pleas'd, thy ripe Approach foreſee;
Men, who acted wond'rous Things,
Tho' they yield in Fame to Thee.

Foremoſt in the Patriot Band,
Shining with diſtinguiſh'd Day,
See thy Friend *Godolphin* ſtand!
See! he beckons thee away.

Yonder Seats and Fields of Light,
Let thy raviſh'd Thought explore:
Wiſhing, panting for thy Flight!
Half an Angel; Man no more.

For the FLUTE.

The LOVER's PETITION.

Set by Mr. *BARRETT.*

Whilſt I fondly view the Charmer, Thus the
God of Love I ſue; Gentle *Cupid*, pray diſarm her!
Cupid, if you love me, do. Of a thouſand
Smiles bereave her, Rob her Neck, her Lips, her
Eyes;

Shape and Feature, Flame and Paſſion
Still in ev'ry Breaſt will move;
More is Supererogation,
Meer Idolatry of Love.
You may dreſs a World of *Chloe's*,
In the Beauty ſhe can ſpare;
Hear him, *Cupid*, who no Foe is,
To Your Altars, or the Fair.

The ANSWER *to the foregoing* SONG.

Fooliſh Mortal, pray be ea--ſy, Angry *Cupid*
made Reply; Do *Florella*'s Charms diſpleaſe ye?
Dye then, fooliſh Mor--tal, dye. Fancy not that
I'll de--prive her Of her Cap-ti--va--ting Store;

Shepherd,

Were *Florella* proud, and ſour,
Apt to mock a Lover's Care,
Juſtly then you'd pray that Pow'r
Shou'd be taken from the Fair.
But tho' I ſpread a Blemiſh o'er her,
No Relief from thence you'll find;
Still, fond Shepherd, you'd adore her,
For the Beauties of her Mind!

The FLUTE *to the Firſt Part.*

GOOD ADVICE.

Why all this Whining, why all this Pining,
Love is a Folly, and Beauty is vain. Nothing ſo
common as Wealth and Women, To raiſe the
Vapours, and ſo dull the Brain. To him that's

Merry,

Merry, that's Frolick and Airy, Nothing is
Grievous, nor nothing is Sad; Then rouze thy
Spirit, and take off thy Claret, In one ſmiling
Bumper a Cure's to be had.

If *Cloe* fly thee, and ſtill deny thee,
Never look ſneaking, nor never repine:
If 'tis her Faſhion, to ſlight your Paſſion,
Then ſeem moſt eaſy, and deny her thine.

Yet

Yet ſlily wooe her, and cloſely purſue her,
Or ſhe'll prove a Tyrant, and laugh thee to ſcorn;
When ſhe ſeems Waggiſh, Coquettiſh and Prudiſh,
Then give Her her Humour, and let Her be gone.

When next you meet her, again intreat her,
And if you find ſtill ſhe'd make you her Tool,
Ne'er let it vex you, or once perplex you,
She'll ſoon repent it, and find who's the Fool.

Then to requite her, deſpiſe her and ſlight her,
And what you commended as much diſcommend:
But if Love grieve thee, and ſtill will not leave thee,
Then e'en love thy Self firſt, and next love thy Friend.

All in a HEDGE: *Or, The Way to* CONTENT.

By Mr. W. BEDINGFIELD.

Set by Mr. *DIEUPART.*

To hug your Self in per-----fect
Eaſe, What wou'd you wiſh for more than
theſe? A healthy, clean Pa---ter---nal
Seat, Well ſhaded from the Summer's Heat.

A little Parlour-Stove, to hold
A conſtant Fire from Winter's Cold,
Where you may Sit, and Think, and Sing,
Far off from Court, God bleſs the King!

Safe from the Harpies of the Law,
From Party-Rage, and Great Man's Paw;
Have choice few Friends of your own Taſte;
A Wife Agreeable and Chaſte.

An open, but yet cautious Mind,
Where guilty Cares no Entrance find;
Nor Miſers Fears, nor Envy's Spight,
To break the Sabbaoth of the Night.

Plain Equipage, and temp'rate Meals,
Few Taylor's, and no Doctor's Bills;
Content to take, as Heav'n ſhall pleaſe,
A longer or a ſhorter Leaſe.

FALLING *in* LOVE.

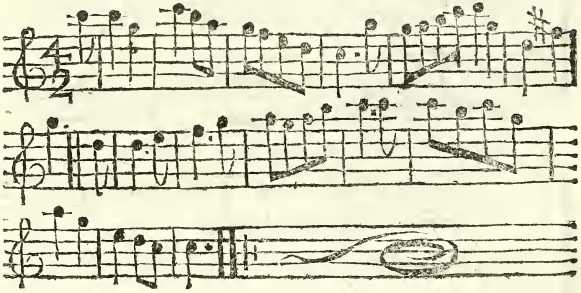
To the foregoing Tune.

WHEN firſt I ſaw thee graceful move,
Ah me! what meant my throbbing Breaſt?
Say, ſoft Confuſion, art thou Love?
If Love thou art, then farewel Reſt!

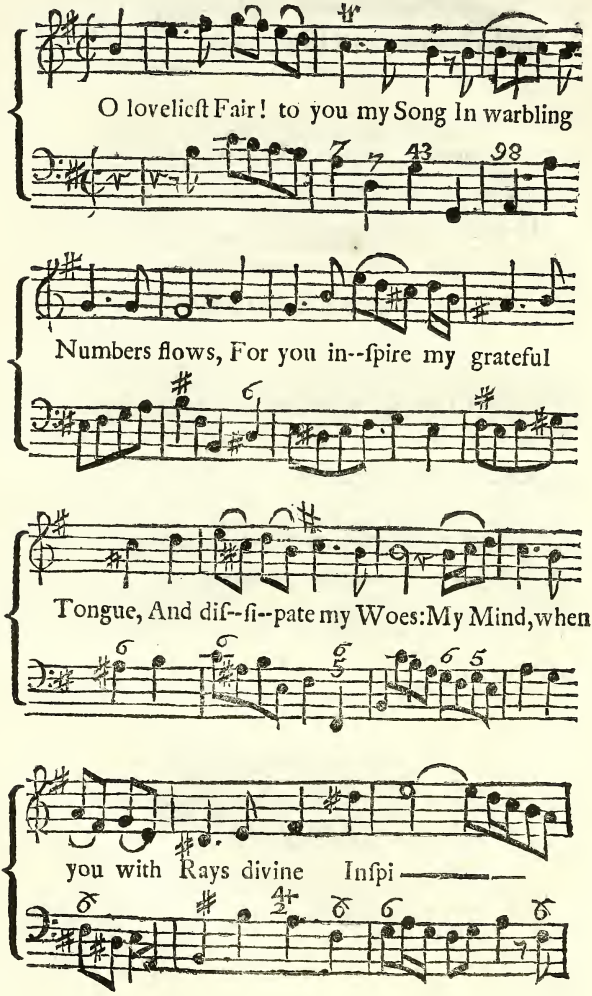
Since doom'd I am to love thee, Fair,
Though hopeleſs of a warm Return,
Yet kill me not with cold Deſpair;
But let me live, and let me burn.

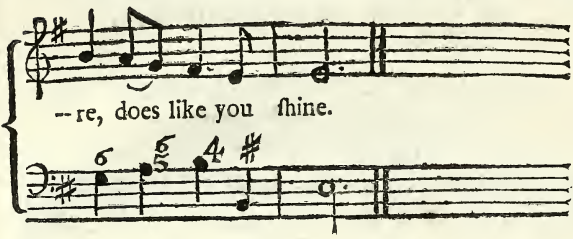
With gentle Smiles aſſwage the Pain,
Thoſe gentle Smiles did firſt create:
And, though you cannot love again,
In Pity, oh! forbear to hate.

For the FLUTE.



The EXPOSTULATION.


O loveliest Fair! to you my Song In warbling
Numbers flows, For you in--spire my grateful
Tongue, And dis--si--pate my Woes: My Mind, when
you with Rays divine Inspi——



At once reveal my cruel Fate,
And let me know the worſt;
I'll arm my ſelf againſt your Hate,
And bear to be accurſt!
If't muſt be ſo, my Doom I'll hear:
Theſe Doubts I cannot bear!

Soon as my drooping Eyes I raiſe
To view your charming Face,
O'erwhelm'd with Joy, loſt in Amaze,
I bleſs each ſparkling Grace!
My raptur'd Soul ſprings to my Eyes,
And tells my Fears and Joys.

How long, O loveliеſt Fair! how long
Shall I my Suff'rings bear?
Why do you thus my Paſſion wrong,
And ſink me in Deſpair?
Now lifted high, now ſunk as low,
You plunge me ſtill in Woe.

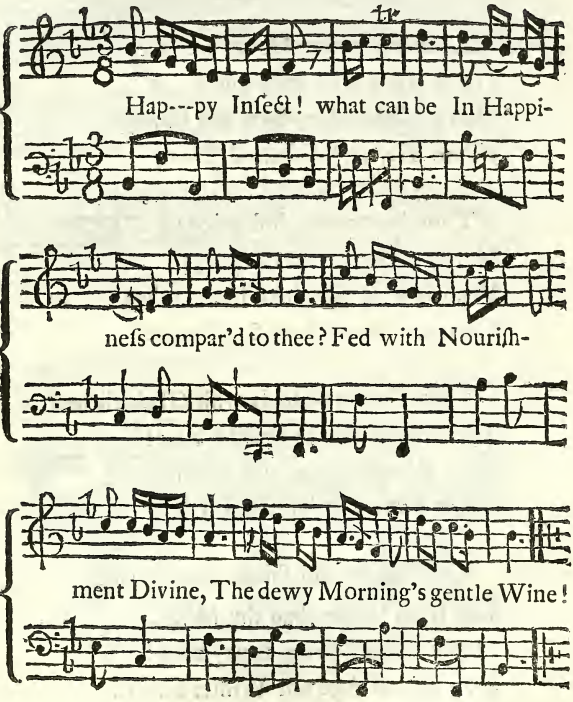
Poor Mariners, when Storms run high,
Like Terrors undergo;
Sometimes they're wafted to the Sky,
Then plung'd in Sands below:
No more torment me; but be kind,
And cure my troubled Mind.

For the FLUTE.

The GRASHOPPER.

By Mr. ABRAHAM COWLEY.

Set by Mr. *J. SHEELES.*



Nature waits upon thee ſtill,
And thy verdant Cup does fill;
'Tis fill'd where-ever thou doſt tread:
For *Nature* Self's thy *Ganymede!*

Thou doſt drink, and dance, and ſing;
Happier than the happieſt King!
All the Fields which thou doſt ſee,
All the Plants belong to Thee:

All that Summer Hours produce,
Fertile made with early Juice.
Man for Thee does Sow and Plough;
Farmer He, and *Landlord* Thou.

Thou innocently doſt enjoy;
Nor does thy Luxury deſtroy;
With Joy the Shepherd heareth thee,
Far more harmonious ſing than he!

Thee Country-Hinds with Gladneſs hear,
The Prophet of the ripen'd Year!
Thee *Phœbus* loves, and does inſpire;
Bright *Phœbus* is himſelf thy Sire!

To Thee, of all things upon Earth,
Life is no longer than thy Mirth.
Happy Inſect, thrice happy thou!
Doſt neither Age nor Winter know!

But when thou'ſt drunk, and danc'd, and ſung
Thy Fill, the flow'ry Leaves among,
Sated with thy Summer-Feaſt,
Thou retir'ſt to endleſs Reſt.

For

For the FLUTE.

An EPITHALAMIUM *on the* MARRIAGE *of a* Young Gentleman *with an* Old Lady.

[To the Tune of *Goſſip Joan.*]

Whence comes it, Neighbour *Dick*, That
you, with Youth un-com-mon, Have ſerv'd the
Girls this Tri——————————ck, and
wedded an Old Wo-----man? *Hap--py* Dick!

Each

Each *Belle* condemns the Choice
Of a Youth ſo gay and ſprightly;
But we your Friends rejoyce,
That you have judg'd ſo rightly:
Happy Dick!

Tho' odd to Some it ſounds,
That on Threeſcore you ventur'd;
Yet in Ten Thouſand Pounds
Ten Thouſand Charms are center'd:
Happy Dick!

Beauty, we know, will fade,
As doth the ſhort-liv'd Flower;
Nor can the faireſt Maid
Inſure her Bloom an Hour:
Happy Dick!

Then wiſely you reſign,
For Sixty, Charms ſo tranſient;
As the Curious value Coin
The more for being Ancient:
Happy Dick!

With Joy your Spouſe ſhall ſee
The fading Beauties round her,
And ſhe her-ſelf ſtill be
The ſame that firſt you found her:
Happy Dick!

Oft is the Married State
With Jealouſies attended;
And hence, thro' foul Debate,
Are Nuptial Joys ſuſpended:
Happy Dick!

But you, with ſuch a Wife,
No jealous Fears are under;
She's yours alone, for Life,
Or much we all ſhall wonder:
Happy Dick!

Her Death wou'd grieve you ſore,
But let not that torment you;
My Life! ſhe'll ſee Fourſcore,
If that will but content you:
Happy Dick!

On this you may relie,
For the Pains you took to win her,
She'll ne'er in Child-bed die,
Unleſs the D----l's in her:
Happy Dick!

Some have the Name of *Hell*
To Matrimony given;
How falſly, you can tell,
Who find it ſuch a *Heaven:*
Happy Dick!

With you, each Day and Night
Is crown'd with Joy and Gladneſs;
While envious Virgins bite
The hated Sheets for Madneſs:
Happy Dick!

With Spouſe, long ſhare the Bliſs
Y'had miſs'd in any other;
And when you've bury'd this,
May you have ſuch another:
Happy Dick!

Obſerving

Obſerving hence, by you,
In Marriage ſuch *Decorum*,
Our wiſer Youth ſhall do,
As you have done before 'em:
Happy Dick!

For the FLUTE.

On CHLORIS's *Unkindneſs.*

Set by Mr. *VINCENT.*

At dead--of Night, when Care gives
Place, In o---ther Breaſts, to ſoft Repoſe,
My throbbing Heart feels no —— Re-
ceſs, Since *Love* and *Chlo--ris* are my Foes.

At

At Morn, when *Phœbus* from the Eaſt
Repels the gloomy Shades of Night,
The Grief that racks my tortur'd Breaſt
Redoubles at th' Approach of Light.

At Noon, when moſt intenſe he ſhines,
My Sorrows more intenſe are grown;
At Ev'ning, when the Sun declines,
They ſet not with the Setting Sun.

To my Relief then haſten, Death,
And eaſe me of my reſtleſs Woes:
With Joy I will reſign my Breath,
Since *Love* and *Chloris* are my Foes.

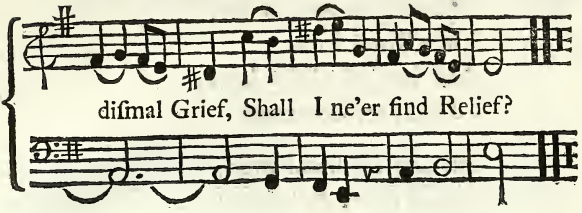
For the FLUTE.

STREPHON's COMPLAINT *of* LOVE.

Set by Mr. *HANDEL.*

Oh! cruel Tyrant *Love!* Why art thou
ſo--- unkind? Wilt thou no milder prove,
Nor eaſe my troubled Mind? No Joy ſhall
I e'er ſee? But ſtill tormented be? And from ſuch

animal



Since thou haſt wounded me,
  Why doſt thou not impart
Some of thy Cruelty,
  And make her feel ſome Smart?
Tell her how I do burn,
How I lament and mourn!
When ſhe the Truth doth know,
She muſt ſome Pity ſhow.

Beauty enthron'd doth ſtand
  Upon her ſmiling Brow:
Her bluſhing Cheeks command
  Me at her Feet to bow:
Her golden Treſſes wave,
Her riſing Breaſts enſlave,
Lightning darts from her Eyes,
And kills me by Surprize.

Yet tho' ſhe is moſt fair,
  Why ſhould ſhe me diſdain?
If Wealth ſurrounds my Dear,
  Why muſt I ſuffer Pain?

Were

Were She as poor as *Job*,
I in a Royal Robe,
And Lord of all the Land,
I'd be at her Command.

All Day I ſigh and weep,
And vainly do lament!
All Night I cannot ſleep!
I never reſt content!
But ſtill am fill'd with Pain,
Scorn, Woe, and ſad Diſdain;
Theſe Racks I cannot bear,
And yet ſhe will not hear!

What Joys can *Myra* take,
After ſhe does behold
Poor *Strephon*, for her Sake,
Laid in the Dreary Mould?
O moſt unhappy Fate!
Then Pity comes too late:
Myra, my Life preſerve,
And thee I'll always ſerve.

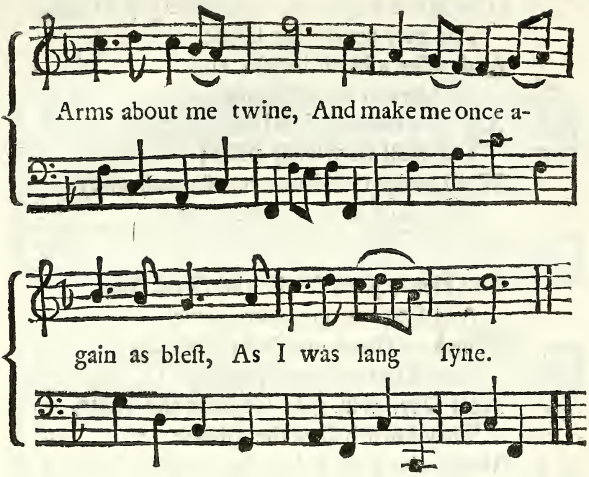
I'll wander for her Sake,
Or keep myſelf confin'd,
If ſhe no Pity take
On my diſtracted Mind.
O eaſe the burning Smart,
Of my poor ſuff'ring Heart;
Elſe 'twill my Ruin prove;
Farewell then Life and Love!

For the FLUTE.

The SOLDIER's *Welcome Home.*

[To the Tune of *Auld lang ſyne.*]

Should auld Ac-quain--tance be forgot, Tho'
they re----turn with Scars? Thoſe are the
noble Hero's Lot, Obtain'd in glorious
Wars: Welcome, my *Varo*, to my Breaſt, Thy
Arms



Methinks around us, on each Bough,
A Thouſand *Cupids* play;
Whilſt thro' the Groves I walk with you,
Each Object makes me gay:
Since your Return, the Sun and Moon
With brighter Glory ſhine,
Streams murmur ſoft Notes while they run,
As they did lang ſyne.

Deſpiſe the Court, and Din of State;
Let that to their Share fall
Who can eſteem ſuch Slav'ry great,
While bounded like a Ball;
But ſunk in Love, upon my Arms
Let your brave Head recline;
We'll pleaſe our ſelves with mutual Charms,
As we did lang ſyne.

O'er

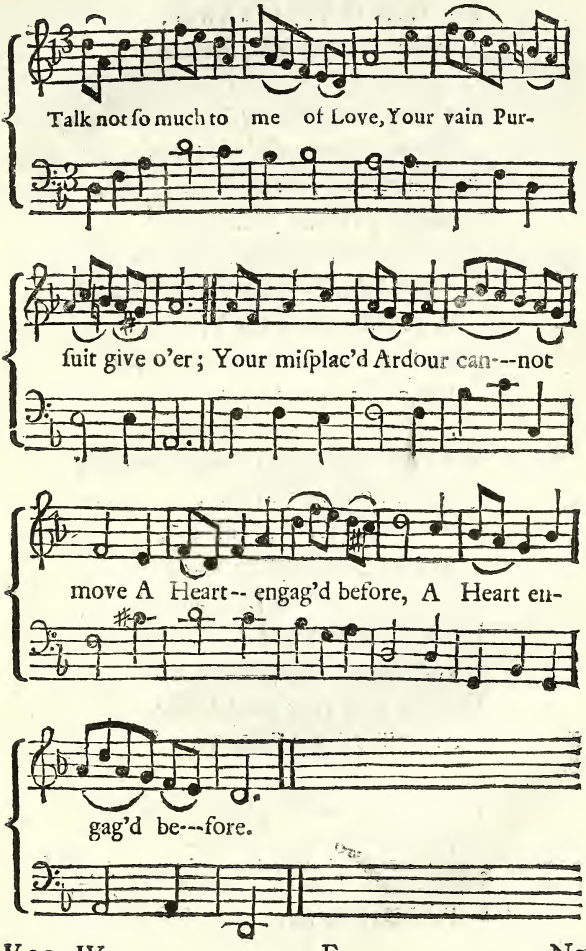
O'er Moor and Dale, with your gay Friend,
You may purſue the Chaſe,
And, after a blyth Bottle, end
All Care in my Embrace:
And in a vacant rainy Day
You ſhall be wholly mine;
We'll make the Hours run ſmooth away,
And laugh at lang ſyne.

The Hero, pleas'd with the ſweet Air,
And Signs of generous Love,
Which had been utter'd by the Fair,
Bow'd to the Powers above.
Next Day, with glad Conſent and Haſte,
They knelt before the Shrine,
Where the good Prieſt the Couple bleſt,
And put them out of Pine.

For the FLUTE.

CLOE's *Advice to* STREPHON.

Set by Mr. *WEBBER.*


Talk not so much to me of Love, Your vain Pur-
suit give o'er; Your misplac'd Ardour can---not
move A Heart-- engag'd before, A Heart en-
gag'd be---fore.

No more of Cruelty complain,
Nor *Cloe*'s Breaſt accuſe
For Want of Pity to a Swain,
When Honour bids, Refuſe.

Let ſome more worthy Virgin Dame,
Whoſe Charms all lovely are,
Be Miſtreſs of your gen'rous Flame;
She may reward your Care.

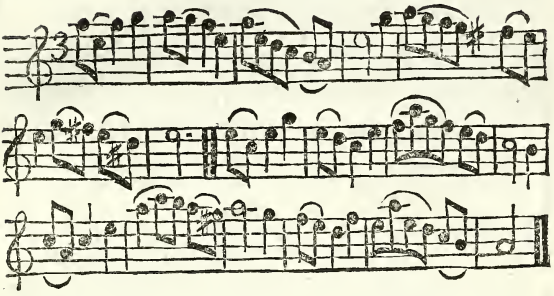
Or ſome briſk ſprightly Widow may,
With Affluence ſupply'd,
Your Suit with grateful Senſe repay,
Which *Cloe* has deny'd.

If Neither can your Thoughts employ,
But ſtill on me you gaze,
Cloe's Advice receive with Joy,
And fly from *Cupid*'s Maze.

Haſte! to ſome peaceful Dome retire,
Such as you oft approve;
Examine well your fond Deſire,
And diſcipline your Love.

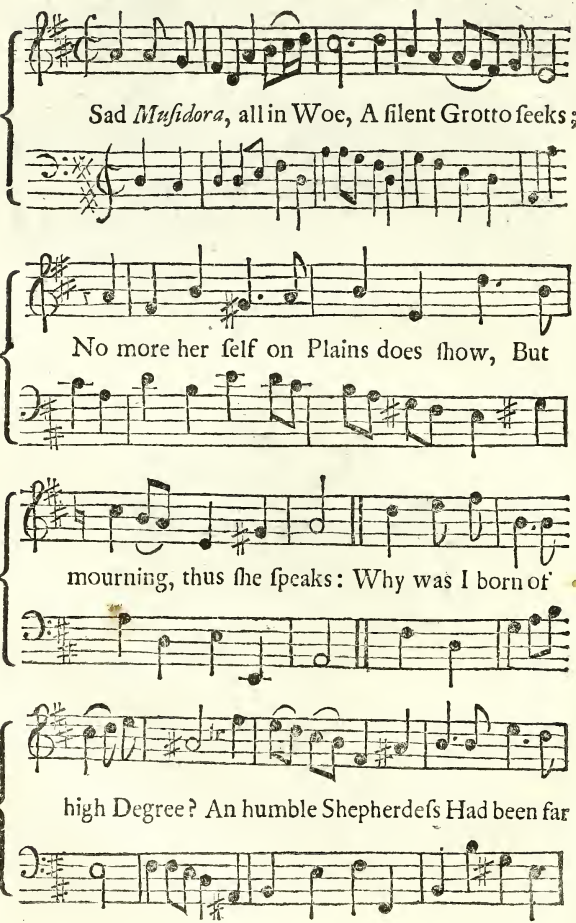
And if my wand'ring Steps incline
To your ſad, lonely Cell;
My Soul, and every Thought ſhall join,
To wiſh poor *Strephon* well!

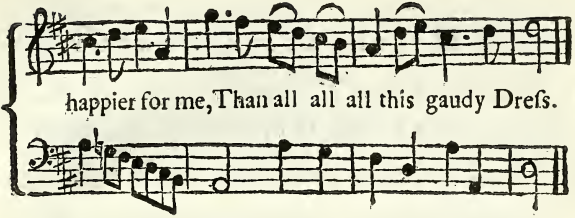
For the FLUTE.



MUSIDORA's COMPLAINT.

By a Young Lady of Quality. Set by Mr. DIEUPART.


Sad *Muſidora*, all in Woe, A ſilent Grotto ſeeks;
No more her ſelf on Plains does ſhow, But
mourning, thus ſhe ſpeaks: Why was I born of
high Degree? An humble Shepherdeſs Had been far



A ſumptuous Palace full of Joy,
To me a Dungeon is;
And all That Mirth does me annoy,
Who know no Thought of Bliſs:
Then, wrap'd in Grief, the lovely Maid
Retir'd from all the Throng,
And on a Bank reclin'd her Head,
While Tears ran trickling, trickling down.

For the FLUTE.

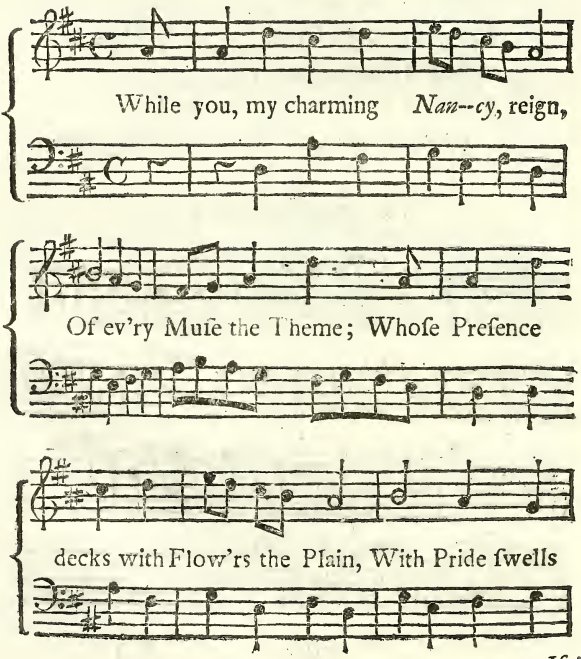
The DESTRUCTIVE BEAUTY.

Occaſion'd by a Copy of Verſes on Miſs A. B---'*s going from* Oxford *to* Newnham *by Water.*

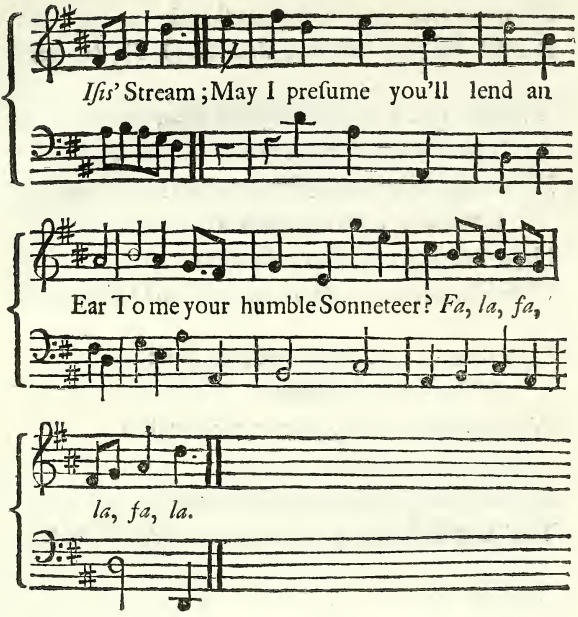
To the Tune of *All ye Ladies now at Land.*

The waving Oaks of Newnham'*s pendant Wood,*
To meet her, ſeem to ruſh into the Flood;
Peep o'er their Fellows Heads to ſee the Fair,
Whoſe Name upon their wounded Barks they bear.

Verſes to Miſs *A. B.*



Iſis'



But leſt, my Fair, you ſhou'd look cold,
Cry *Piſh*, and call me rude,
Or think that I dare be ſo bold,
My Paſſion to intrude:
It is not for my ſelf I ſue,
But for ſome Trees that die for you. *Fa, la,* &c.

Since late on *Iſis'* Silver Flood
Your fatal Form was ſeen,
Some luckleſs Trees in *Newnham* Wood
('Till then full fair and green)

No more their Leafy Honours ſpread,
But ſigh for you, and hang their Head. *Fa, la,* &c.

'Tis ſaid, that with a Look moſt queer
The Dotards peeping ſtood:
No Prieſt, with more laſcivious Leer,
Confeſſing Nun e'er view'd;
Nay, that they *ruſh'd into the Flood.*
Were e'er ſuch am'rous Sticks of Wood? *Fa, la,* &c.

How then can all your num'rous Band
Of Lovers not deſpair,
When Hearts of Oak cannot withſtand
A Face ſo wond'rous fair?
Since in your Breaſt no Pity's found,
Tho' Lovers hang, or Oaks are drown'd. *Fa, la,* &c.

Well did the Poet's Am'rous Song
Style you the *Publick Care*;
For all our Country 'Squires ere long
Will dread the paſſing Fair:
Think what will good * Lord *Harcourt* do,
Now *Newnham* Woods are fir'd by you? *Fa, la,* &c.

In pity to our Woods, reſtrain
The Light'ning of your Eyes,
Since, at each Glance, upon the Plain
Some blaſted Foreſt lies.

If

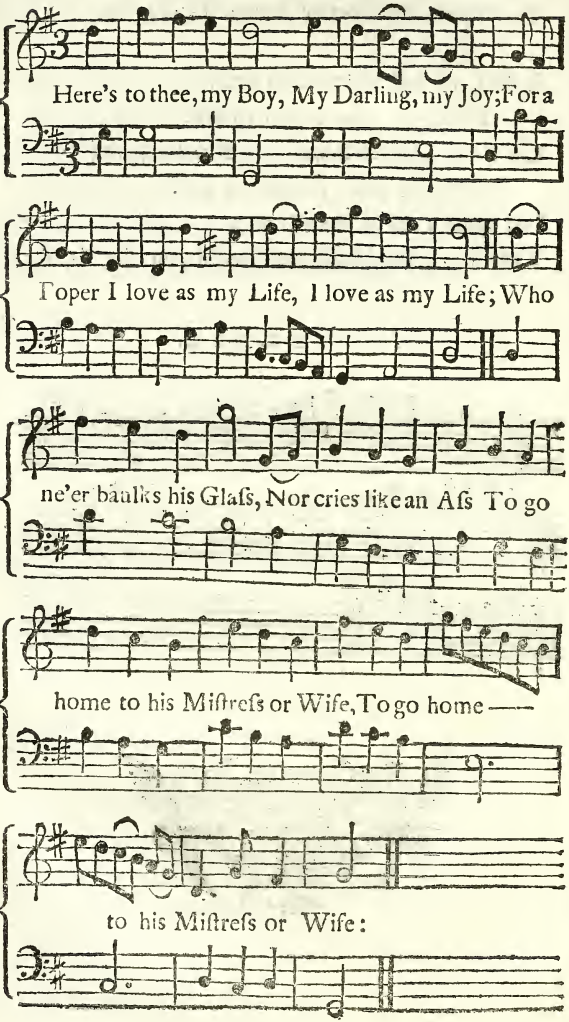
* *The Owner of* Newnham *Woods.*

If you proceed, my lovely Maid,
You'll ruin our Poetick Shade. *Fa, la,* &c.

If ſtill, on fell Deſtruction bent,
You'll uſe your Pow'r to kill,
On *Chriſt-Church* Elms your Fire be ſpent;
Let them your Vengeance feel.
No better Fate to them is due,
They know the Hand that libell'd you. *Fa, la,* &c.

For the FLUTE.

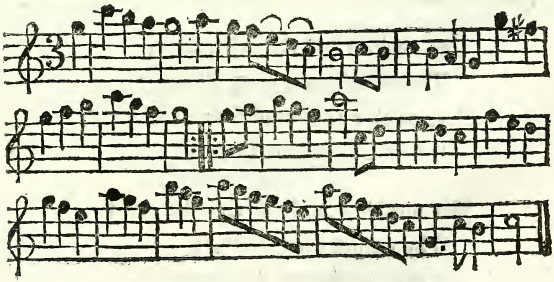
A DRINKING SONG. By Mr. *CAREY.*


Here's to thee, my Boy, My Darling, my Joy; For a
Toper I love as my Life, I love as my Life; Who
ne'er baulks his Glaſs, Nor cries like an Aſs To go
home to his Miſtreſs or Wife, To go home ——
to his Miſtreſs or Wife:

But heartily quaffs,
Sings Catches, and laughs,
All the Night he looks jovial and gay,
Looks Jovial and gay;
When Morning appears,
Then homeward he ſteers,
To ſnore out the reſt of the Day,
To ſnore out the reſt of the Day.

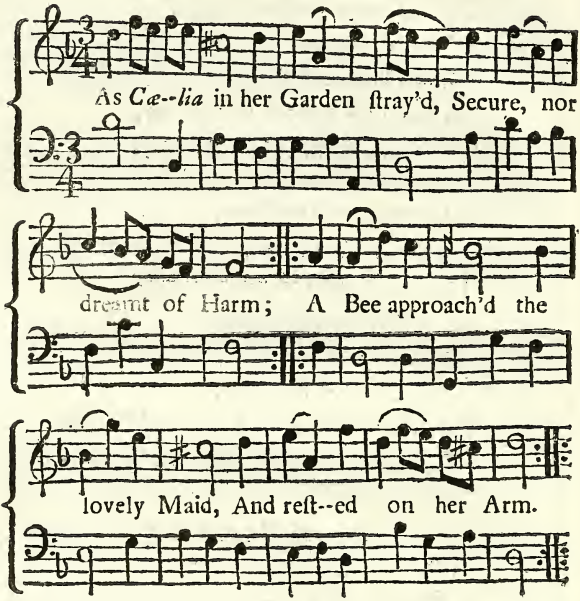
He feels not the Cares,
The Griefs, or the Fears,
That the Sober too often attend,
Too often attend;
Nor knows he a Loſs,
Diſturbance, or Croſs,
Save the Want of his Bottle and Friend,
Save the Want of his Bottle and Friend.

For the FLUTE.



On a LADY *ſtung by a Bee.*

Set by Mr. *VINCENT.*



The curious Inſect thither flew,
To taſte the tempting Bloom:
But, with a thouſand Sweets in view,
It found a ſudden Doom.

Her nimble Hand of Life bereav'd
The daring little Thing;
But firſt the ſnowy Arm receiv'd,
And felt the painful Sting.

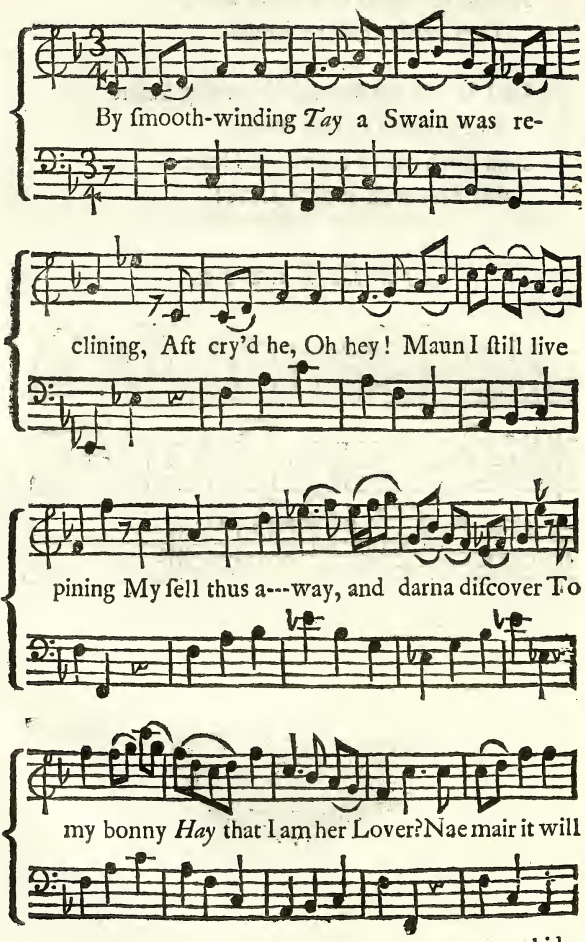
Once

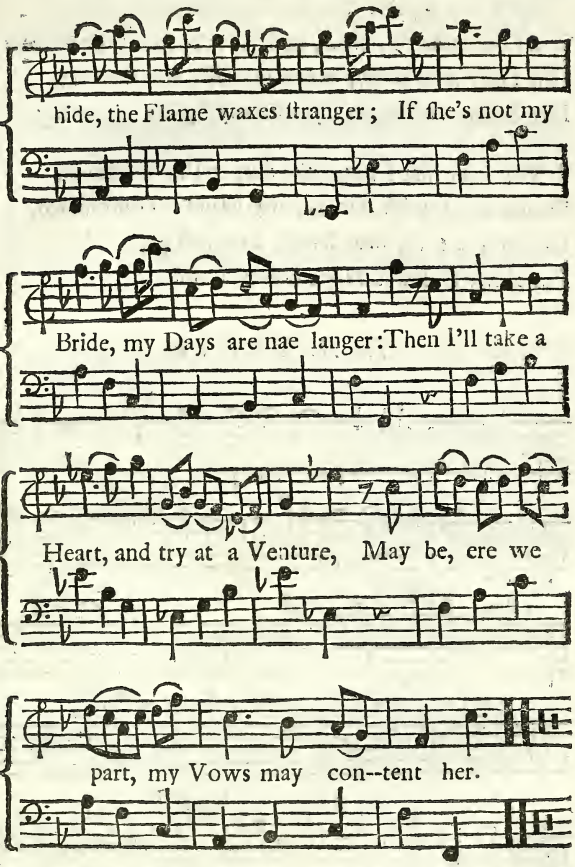
Once only cou'd that Sting ſurprize,
Once be injurious found:
Not ſo the Darts of *Cælia*'s Eyes,
They never ceaſe to wound.

Oh! wou'd the ſhort-liv'd burning Smart
The Nymph to Pity move,
And teach her to regard the Heart
She fires with endleſs Love!

For the FLUTE.

JOHN HAY's *Bonny Laſſie.*


By ſmooth-winding *Tay* a Swain was re-
clining, Aft cry'd he, Oh hey! Maun I ſtill live
pining My ſell thus a---way, and darna diſcover To
my bonny *Hay* that I am her Lover? Nae mair it will
hide,


hide, the Flame waxes ſtranger; If ſhe's not my
Bride, my Days are nae langer: Then I'll take a
Heart, and try at a Venture, May be, ere we
part, my Vows may con--tent her.

She's freſh as the Spring, and ſweet as *Aurora*,
When Birds mount and ſing, bidding Day a good-morrow.
The Sward of the Mead, enamell'd with Daiſies,
Looks wither'd and dead, when twin'd of her Graces.

But

But if ſhe appear, where Verdures invite her,
The Fountains run clear, and Flow'rs ſmell the ſweeter:
'Tis Heav'n to be by, when her Wit is a flowing,
Her Smiles and bright Eyes ſet my Spirits a glowing.

The mair that I gaze, the deeper I'm wounded,
Struck dumb with Amaze, my Mind is confounded,
I'm all in a Fire, dear Maid, to careſs ye,
For a' my Deſire is *Hay*'s bonny Laſſie.

For the FLUTE.

POPE *JOAN's Kiſſing-Dance.*

Set by Mr. *J. SHEELES.*

All you that do to Love belong, Mind what my
Tale diſcovers; And liſten well to this new
Song, A ſtrange Roundeau of Lovers! A
ſtrange Roundeau of Lovers!

There were Eight Lads ſo blith and gay,
That lov'd Seven buxom Laſſes;
But that's untoward, alack-a-day!
When each his Love miſ-places.

Young *Roger* made a Vow (d'ye ſee?)
To be a Spark of *Lucy*'s;
But *Lucy* long'd the Spouſe to be
Of *Joſeph*, that ſo ſpruce is.

Now *Nan* had won the Love of *Joſeph*,
His Heart, and eke his Fancy;
He'd be content to loſe his Noſe, if
He cou'd but gain his *Nancy*.

Nan cut her Heart in two, to ſhare it
'Twixt *Marmaduke* and *Aaron*;
Both likely Lads, quoth ſhe, I'll ſwear it,'
As Maids need wiſh to ſtare on.

Both *Marmaduke* and *Aaron* courted
Kate, Daughter to a Prick-louſe,
Tho' *Katern* with her Suitors ſported,
For her Sweet-heart was *Nich'las*.

This *Nich'las* woo'd young *Joan*, who ne'er
With ſuch a Spark would take up;
For *Joan*, as ſure as you are there,
Had a Month's Mind to *Jacob*.

Poor

Poor *Jacob* made a woful Stir
To compaſs nut-brown *Lettice*,
And fail'd, with much ado, for her
Affections never met his.

Lettice likewiſe her Love was croſt in,
(Fate order'd it ſhould ſo be)
For once, in vain, ſhe courted *Auſtin*,
And now in vain wooes *Toby*.

What Maid wou'd wiſh to be in her Caſe?
For *Toby*, ſhe's ſo fond on,
Run almoſt mad for little *Dorcas*,
That newly came from *London*.

Whereas ſhe purely came to viſit
Her Fellow-ſervant *Edward*,
To ſee his pretty Face, and kiſs it,
And gladly would go bed-ward.

While *Ned* his little *Dorcas* anſwer'd,
For Loving, I don't blame ye,
'Cauſe you may take an honeſt Man's Word,
That I as much love *Amy*:

Amy, ſo paſſing fair to look on,
And ſlender to behold,
Cry'd 'till her Heart was almoſt broken,
She would be *Roger*'s Conſort.

Theſe People good, in ſaddeſt Mood,
With Love grown woundy ſtupid,
Made piteous Plaints, and told their Wants
To *Hymen*, and to *Cupid*.

Fain would they wed, in Ring ſo round,
Eight Husbands and Seven Wives;
And, doubtleſs, they muſt needs have found
Great Comfort of their Lives.

But 'twas a puzling Caſe to *Hymen*;
O ſtrange! ſaid he, 'twill work ill,
For I've no Licenſes to tie Men
And Maids in ſuch a Circle.

He bid them be, as 'twas but right,
Content with this Expedient,
To kiſs all round, for ſo all might
Have Kiſſing, that had need on't.

Young *Roger* ſhould begin the Play;
The reſt were, in their Seaſon,
To put it round in friendly way,
And do each other Reaſon.

So *Roger* tall, did *Lucy* call,
Quoth he, I'll not abuſe ye;
Good ſooth! it wou'd have done one good
To ſee him kiſs ſweet *Lucy*.

Then *Lucy* fair, demands her Share,
Of her dear Sweet-Heart *Joſey*,
And kiſs'd him ſo, all People know,
They both grew wond'rous roſie.

Next *Joe* did greet, his *Nan*, as ſweet
A Damſel as you can ſee;
Nan for this Youth, made up her Mouth,
So *Joſeph* kiſs'd his *Nancy*.

Her Sparks were twain, and that being plain,
Some ſaid that ſhe might ſpare one;
She by her Troth, cry'd, none or both,
And kiſs'd one more than *Aaron*.

Then *Marmaduke* and *Aaron* broke
Their Minds to *Kate* the Slattern;
Kind *Kate* held out, her dainty Snout,
And O! how they kiſs'd *Katern!*

O *Nich'las! Nich'las!* where's my *Nic* laid?
Quoth *Kate* the Taylor's Daughter,
And kiſs'd, and was with Joy ſo tickled,
She ſcarce could hold her Water.

Nic run to *Joan*, that had no Stays on,
But look'd as red as Claret,
And kiſs'd her ſo, that 'twou'd amaze one,
How any Maid could bear it.

Joan flew at *Jacob* moſt outrageous,
And kiſs'd, and call'd him Sweeting;
Cou'd he have bleated, as *Cinque-trey* does,
Uds-bobs, ſhe'd ſtop his Bleating.

O *Lettice*, then, quoth *Jacob* ſtout,
On thy true Love take Pity;
She bid him kiſs his Kiſſing out,
Becauſe he was ſo witty.

But *Lettice* call'd aloud for *Toby*,
As one wou'd call for Muſtard;
He fain wou'd give fair *Lett* the Go-by,
But *Lettice* kiſs'd him firſt hard.

'Tis ſtrange to tell, or to declare,
How *Toby* ſimpered,
When he got *Dorcas* his own Dear,
And kiſs'd her quite half dead.

Dorcas, ſhe leer'd on *Ned*, right wiſtful,
And kiſs'd him all to Pieces,
So fired, that were ſhe but a Piſtol,
She had gone off in Face his.

Sir *Edward* made her no Repartee,
Tho' he was kiſs'd ſo Faſhion,
As knowing well, by Rules of Art, ſhe
Had done it in her Paſſion,

And then himſelf was paſſionate too
Of *Amy*, Queen of Spinſters;
He threw his Wig off, and his Hat too,
And run his Face againſt hers.

He tows'd her with his Beard, ſo buſhy,
'Twas far and near admired,
And tore her Coife quite off, altho' ſhe
Had ſcarce wherewith to tie her Head.

Poor Folks may be, moſt certainly,
In Love as well as Ladies,
And kiſs as well, for ought I can tell,
As they with all their Gayeties.

Amy ne'er let a Sweet-heart dodge her,
But kiſſed like any Widow,
And ſtifled *Roger*, tho' poor *Roger*
Lov'd her no more than I do.

Thus finely they all danc'd the Hay,
Or the beſt Boy of Mother;
The Jeſt went round, and none were found,
That would not pledge the other.

At length they clos'd, and whisk'd about,
As thoſe that *Margery-Cree* dance,
Or like to Folk quite wearied out,
Who fain wou'd make good Riddance.

Yet loth to give it o'er, they cry'd,
How curſed faſt the Day ſtirs!
Tho' before Night, or they're bely'd,
Their Lips all needed Plaiſters.

There ne'er was known, in all the Town,
Such Kiſſing as this ſame was;
Yet, keeping *Lent* (as is Decent)
Pray who, quo' they, can blame us?

For ſince (as *Hymen* told them plain)
Tho' they moſt grievouſly burn,
The Wedding-Nooſe will ne'er contain
So many as will *Tyburn*.

They all reſolve to live right honeſt,
And never be upbraided.
O! that Young Folk were all admoniſh'd
To do no worſe than they did!

But for all this, they did not miſs,
Each *Sunday* after Sarmint,
To meet and kiſs, ſome more, ſome leſs;
For Kiſſing has no Harm in't.

Nor would they fail, for a Dozen of Ale,
To kiſs before the King, and
His Gracious Queen, on *Turnham-Green*,
Or any Ground in *England*.

Suppoſe

Suppoſe you might, ſee ſuch a Sight,
As *Cupid* and as I did,
Whate'er you are, I'd almoſt ſwear,
You'd not be much affrighted.

For the FLUTE.

A Dialogue between JONNY *and* NELLY.

[To the Tune of *I'll never leave Thee.*]

JONNY.

Tho' for Sev'n Years and mair Honour shou'd
reave me, To Fields where Can--nons rair,
thou need na grieve thee, For deep in my
Spirit thy Sweets are in-----den----ted,

And

And Love ſhall preſerve ay what Love has im-
printed. *Leave thee, leave thee, I'll ne-ver*
leave thee, Gang the Warld as it will,
Deareſt, be——lieve me.

NELLY.

O *Jonny*, I'm jealous, whene'er ye diſcover
My Sentiments yielding, ye'll turn a looſe Rover;

And nought i'the Warld wad vex my Heart ſairer,
If you prove unconſtant, and fancy an fairer:
Grieve me, grieve me, Oh it wad grieve me!
A' the lang Night and Day, if you deceive me.

JONNY.

My *Nelly*, let never ſic Fancies oppreſs ye,
For, while my Blood's warm, I'll kindly careſs ye;
Your blooming ſaft Beauties firſt beeted Love's Fire,
Your Virtue and Wit make it ay flame the higher.
Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,
Gang the Warld as it will, Deareſt, believe me.

NELLY.

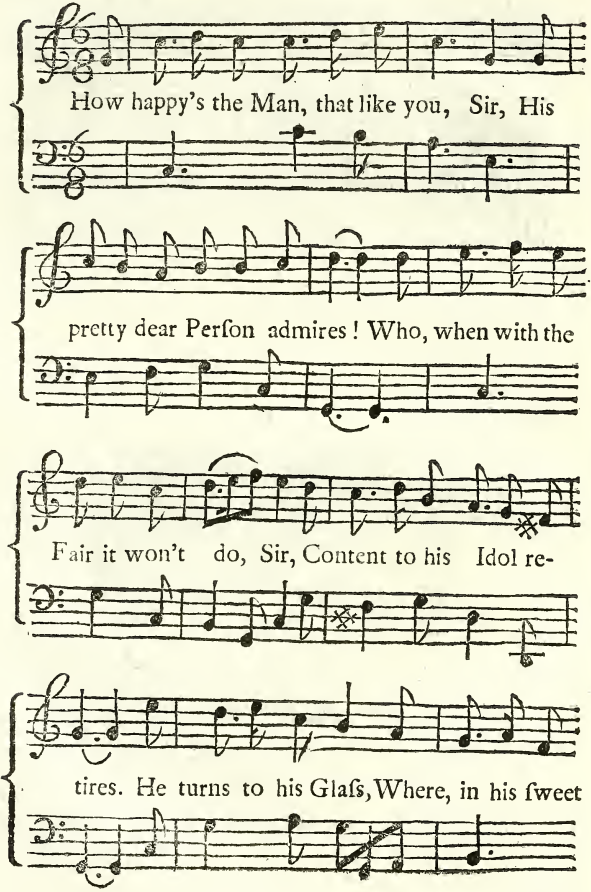
Then, *Jonny*, I frankly this Minute allow ye
To think me your Miſtreſs, for Love gars me trew ye,
And gin ye prove falſe, to ye'r ſell be it ſaid then,
Ye'll win but ſma Honour to wrang a kind Maiden:
Reave me, reave me, Heavens! It wad reave me
Of my Reſt Night and Day, if ye deceive me.

JONNY.

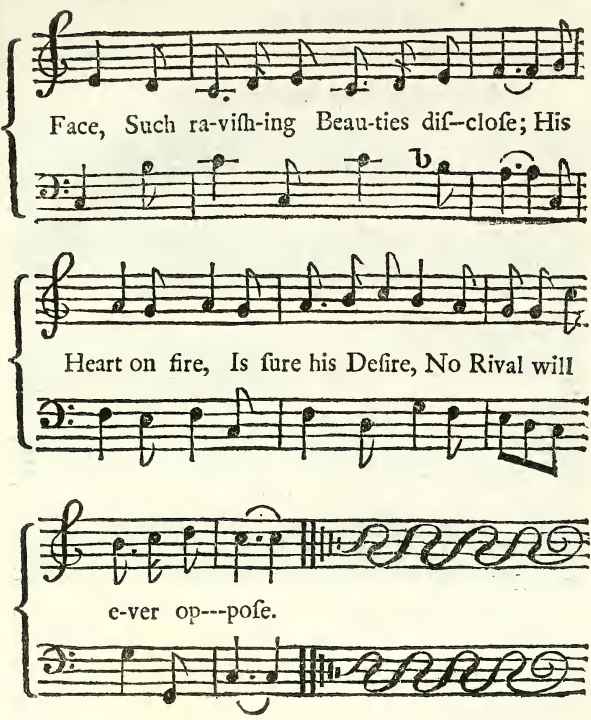
Bid Iceſhogles hammer red Gauds on the Studdy,
And fair Simmer Mornings nae mair appear ruddy:
Bid *Britons* think ae Gate, and when they obey ye,
But never 'till that Time, believe I'll betray ye:
Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee;
The Starns ſhall gang witherſhins e'er I deceive thee.

For the FLUTE.

PASTORA's Reply *to* PHILAUTUS; *in the* PASTORAL *call'd* Love in a Riddle.


How happy's the Man, that like you, Sir, His
pretty dear Perſon admires! Who, when with the
Fair it won't do, Sir, Content to his Idol re-
tires. He turns to his Glaſs, Where, in his ſweet

Face,



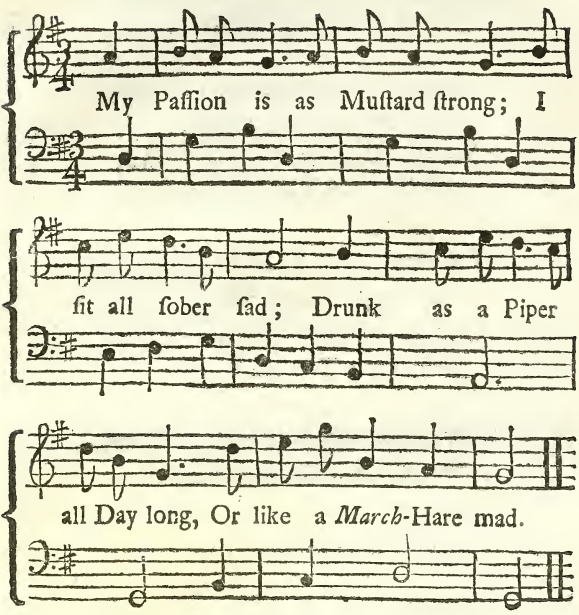
But when to a Nymph a Pretender,
Poor Mortal, he ſplits on a Shelf!
How little a Thing will defend her,
From one that makes Love to himſelf!
While nice in Dreſs,
And ſure of Succeſs,
He thinks ſhe can never get free;

With

With ſmiling Eyes,
She rallies, and flies,
And laughs at his Merit, like me.

For the FLUTE.

A New SONG *of Old* SIMILIES.



Round as a Hoop the Bumpers flow,
I drink, yet can't forget her;
For tho' as drunk as *David*'s Sow,
I love her ſtill the better.

Pert as a Pear-monger I'd be,
If *Molly* were but kind;
Cool as a Cucumber could ſee
The reſt of Woman-kind.

Like a ſtuck Pig I gaping ſtare,
And eye her o'er and o'er;
Lean as a Rake with Sighs and Care,
Sleek as a Mouſe before.

Plump as a Partridge was I known,
And ſoft as Silk my Skin;
My Cheeks as fat as Butter grown,
But as a Groat now thin!

I melancholy as a Cat
Am kept awake to weep;
But ſhe, inſenſible of that,
Sound as a Top can ſleep.

Hard is her Heart as Flint or Stone,
She laughs to ſee me pale;
And merry as a Grig is grown,
And brisk as Bottled Ale.

The God of Love, at her Approach,
Is buſy as a Bee;
Hearts ſound as any Bell or Roach,
Are ſmit, and ſigh like me.

Ah me! as thick as Hops or Hail,
The fine Men crowd about her;
But ſoon as dead as a Door Nail
Shall I be if without her.

Strait

Strait as my Leg her Shape appears;
O were we joyn'd together!
My Heart wou'd be ſcot-free from Cares,
And lighter than a Feather.

As fine as Five-pence is her Mein,
No Drum was ever tighter;
Her Glance is as the Razor keen,
And not the Sun is brighter.

As ſoft as Pap her Kiſſes are,
Methinks I taſte them yet.
Brown as a Berry is her Hair;
Her Eyes as black as Jet.

As ſmooth as Glaſs, as white as Curds,
Her pretty Hand invites;
Sharp as a Needle are her Words;
Her Wit, like Pepper, bites.

Brisk as a Body-Louſe ſhe trips;
Clean as a Penny dreſt;
Sweet as a Roſe her Face and Lips;
Round as a Globe her Breaſt.

Full as an Egg was I with Glee,
And happy as a King;
Good lack! how all Men envy'd me;
She lov'd like any thing.

But falſe as Hell, ſhe, like the Wind,
Chang'd, as her Sex muſt do;
Tho' ſeeming as the Turtle kind,
And as the Goſpel true.

If I and *Molly* could agree,
Let who will, take *Peru!*
Great as an Emp'ror I ſhould be,
And richer than a *Jew.*

'Till you grow tender as a Chick,
I'm dull as any Poſt;
Let us, like Burrs, together ſtick,
As warm as any Toaſt.

You'll know me truer than a Dye,
And wiſh me better ſped;
Flat as a Flounder when I lye,
And as a Herring dead.

Sure as a Gun, ſhe'll drop a Tear,
And ſigh perhaps, and wiſh,
When I am rotten as a Pear,
And mute as any Fiſh.

For the FLUTE.

A Young GENTLEMAN *to a Young* LADY.

Set by Mr. *MONRO.*

Hea--v'n's Offspring! Beauty rare!—
Venus her pe-cu-liar Care: *Cu-pid* rifles
ev'-----ry Grace, To— a—dorn thy fair-
rer Face---, To adorn ——— thy
fair — er Face.

Earlieſt Bud was ever ſeen,
Thus to bloſſom at Fifteen!
Thro' whoſe Actions ſweetly flows
All, experienc'd Woman knows.

On Thee ſits, with decent Pride,
Wiſdom, beſt and ſureſt Guide;
Then, how ſtrong the Influence
Of thy charming *Wit* and *Senſe!*

When to Harmony you move,
Each Spectator's tun'd to Love;
Ev'ry Step is *Cupid*'s Dart,
Softly ſtealing to my Heart.

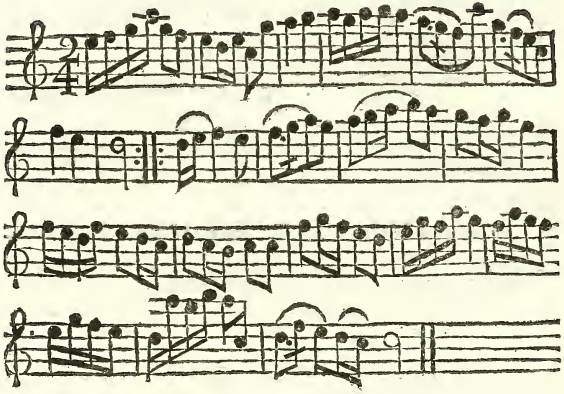
Strange! that lively Sounds ſhou'd cure;
Yet give Pains which I endure!
Muſick, that can others free
From Infection, poiſons me.

Guardian *Sylphs!* that flit in Air,
Tell my Sorrows to the Fair;
Let your murm'ring Whiſpers prove,
How I groan, and how I love.

But if deaf to all my Woe,
The green Foreſt to her ſhow,
How the Trees of ev'ry kind
Claſp, and Kiſs, in Marriage joyn'd.

Show the Fair, how curling Vines
Fold their Elms in Am'rous Twines;
Touch'd by ſuch Examples, She
May incline to *Love* and Me.

For the FLUTE.



SAPPHO's HYMN *to VENUS.*

Tranſlated from the *Greek* by Mr. *A. PHILIPS.*

Set by Mr. J. SHEELES.

Slow
O *Venus!* Beauty of the Skies, To whom a
thouſand Temples riſe; Gay--ly falſe in gen-tle
Smiles, Full of Love-per--plex-ing Wiles;
O Goddeſs! from my Heart remove The waſting

Cares

If ever thou haſt kindly heard
A Song, in ſoft Diſtreſs preferr'd;
Propitious to my tuneful Vow,
O gentle Goddeſs! hear me now.
Deſcend, thou bright, immortal Gueſt,
In all thy radiant Charms confeſt.

Thou once didſt leave Almighty *JOVE*,
And all the Golden Roofs above:
The Carr thy wanton Sparrows drew,
Hov'ring in Air they lightly flew;
As to my Bow'r they wing'd their way,
I ſaw their quiv'ring Pinions play.

The

The Birds diſmiſt (while you remain)
Bore back their empty Carr again:
Then you, with Looks divinely mild,
In ev'ry heav'nly Feature ſmil'd,
And ask'd, what new Complaints I made,
And why I call'd you to my Aid?

What Frenzy in my Boſom rag'd?
And by what Cure to be aſſwag'd?
What gentle Youth I would allure?
Whom in my artful Toils ſecure?
Who does thy tender Heart ſubdue,
Tell me, my *Sappho*, tell me who?

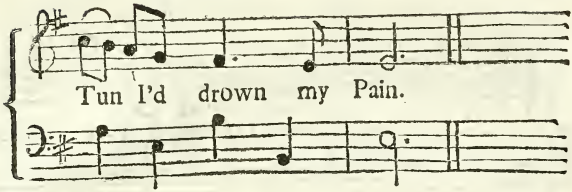
Tho' now he ſhuns thy longing Arms,
He ſoon ſhall court thy ſlighted Charms;
Tho' now thy Off'rings he deſpiſe,
He ſoon to thee ſhall Sacrifice;
Tho' now he freeze, he ſoon ſhall burn,
And be thy Victim in his Turn.

Celeſtial Viſitant, once more
Thy needful Preſence I implore!
In Pity, come and eaſe my Grief,
Bring my diſtemper'd Soul Relief;
Favour thy Suppliant's hidden Fires,
And give me all, my Heart deſires.

For the FLUTE.

The CHOICE. *Addreſs'd to a Bottle by Mr.* Tho. Say.

Could'ſt Thou give me a Pleaſure, Like the
Miſtreſs of my Heart, I'd drink beyond all
Meaſure, And from Thee ne---ver ſtart: A
Pleaſure ſo al--lur---ing, I ne---ver cou'd re-
frain, 'Till Life not worth en--du--ring, In a



But ſince there's no comparing
With Raptures ſhe can give;
Whoſe Ecſtaſie (paſt bearing!)
I ſcarce can taſte and live:
To brighter Joys reſigning,
I'll quit thy ſparkling Charms,
And die without repining,
To be buried in her Arms.

For the FLUTE.

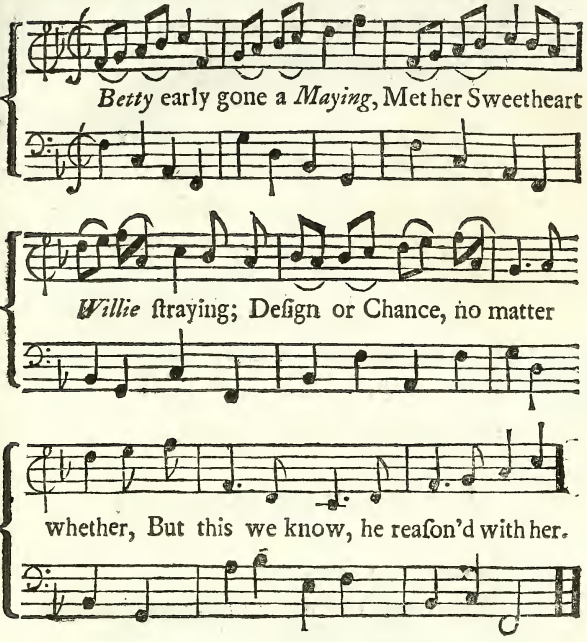
To the Tune of Gallow-Shields.

Ah, the poor Shepherd's mournful Fate! When
doom'd to Love, and doom'd to Languiſh, To
bear the ſcornful Fair One's Hate, Nor dare diſ-
cloſe his Anguiſh. Yet ea--ger Looks, and dying
Sighs, My ſe-cret Soul diſcover; While Rapture,

trembling thro' my Eyes, Reveals how much I
love her. The tender Glance, the red'--ning
Cheek, O'erſpread with ri----ſing Bluſh--es, A
Thouſand various Fears they ſpeak, A
Thouſand various Wiſh----es.

For oh! that Form ſo heav'nly fair,
Thoſe languid Eyes ſo ſweetly ſmiling,
That artleſs Bluſh and modeſt Air,
So fatally beguiling!
Thy ev'ry Look and ev'ry Grace
So charm, when-e'er I view thee;
'Till Death o'ertake me in the Chaſe,
Still will my Hopes purſue thee:
Then, when my tedious Hours are paſt,
Be this laſt Bleſſing giv'n,
Low at thy Feet to breathe my laſt,
And die in Sight of Heav'n.

There's my Thumb, I'll ne'er beguile thee.


Betty early gone a *Maying*, Met her Sweetheart
Willie ſtraying; Deſign or Chance, no matter
whether, But this we know, he reaſon'd with her.

Mark, dear Maid, the Turtles Cooing,
Fondly Billing, kindly Wooing;
See how ev'ry Buſh diſcovers
Happy Pairs of feather'd Lovers.

Or in Singing, or in Loving,
Ev'ry Moment ſtill improving;
Love and *Nature* wiſely leads 'em:
Love and *Nature* ne'er miſguides 'em.

See how the opening bluſhing Roſe,
Does all her ſecret Charms diſcloſe;
Sweet's the Time, ah! ſhort's the Meaſure
Of our fleeting, haſty Pleaſure.

Quickly we muſt ſnatch the Bliſſes
Of their ſoft and fragrant Kiſſes;
To-day they bloom, they fade To-morrow,
Droop their Heads, and die in Sorrow.

Time, my *Beſs*, will leave no Traces
Of thoſe Beauties, of thoſe Graces;
Youth and *Love* forbid our ſtaying:
Love and *Youth* abhor delaying.

Deareſt Maid! nay, do not fly me,
Let your Pride no more deny me;
Never doubt your faithful *Willie*,
There's my Thumb, I'll ne'er beguile thee.

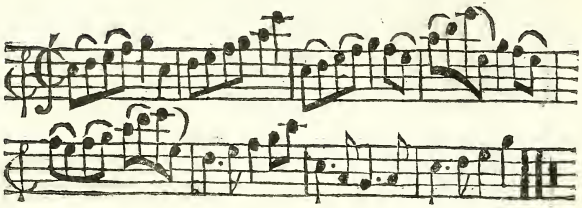
To the afore-going Tune.

BOAST no more, fond Swain, of Pleaſure
That the fickle Fair can give thee:
Believe me, 'tis a Fairy Treaſure,
And all thy Hopes will ſoon deceive thee.

Sweet's

Sweet's the Morn, but quickly flying;
Her Smiles I've known, and her Diſdaining:
The Flow'r is fair, but quickly dying;
And *Cloe* ſtill will be complaining.

For the FLUTE.



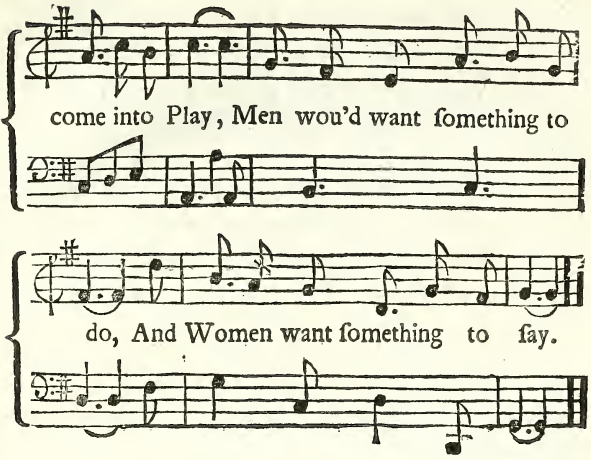
The TRIFLE.

Sung by ARCHER in the *Beaux Stratagem.*

Set by Mr. D. PURCELL.

A Trifling Song you ſhall hear, Begun with a
Trifle, and ended: All trifling People draw
near, And I ſhall be nobly at--tend--ed. Were it
not for Trifles a few, That late--ly have

come



What makes Men trifle in Dreſſing?
Becauſe the Ladies, they know,
Admire, by often poſſeſſing,
That eminent Trifle, a Beau.

When the Lover his Moments has trifled,
The Trifle of Trifles to gain;
No ſooner the Virgin is rifled,
But a Trifle ſhall part 'em again.

What Mortal Man wou'd be able
At *White*'s half an Hour to ſit?
Or who cou'd bear a Tea-Table,
Without taking Trifles for Wit?

The Court is from Trifles ſecure,
Gold Keys are no Trifles, we ſee;
White Rods are no Trifles, I'm ſure,
Whatever their Bearers may be.

But if you will go to the Place
Where Trifles abundantly breed,
The Levee will ſhew you his Grace
Makes Promiſes Trifles indeed!

A Coach with ſix Footmen behind,
I count neither Trifle nor Sin;
But, ye Gods! how oft do we find
A ſcandalous Trifle within?

A Flask of *Champaign*, People think it
A Trifle, or ſomething as bad;
But if you'll contrive how to drink it,
You'll find it no Trifle, egad.

A Parſon's a Trifle at Sea,
A Widow's a Trifle in Sorrow;
A Truce is a Trifle to day;
Who knows what may happen to-morrow?

A Black Coat a Trifle may cloak,
Or, to hide it, the Red may endeavour;
But if once the Army is broke,
We ſhall have more Trifles than ever.

The

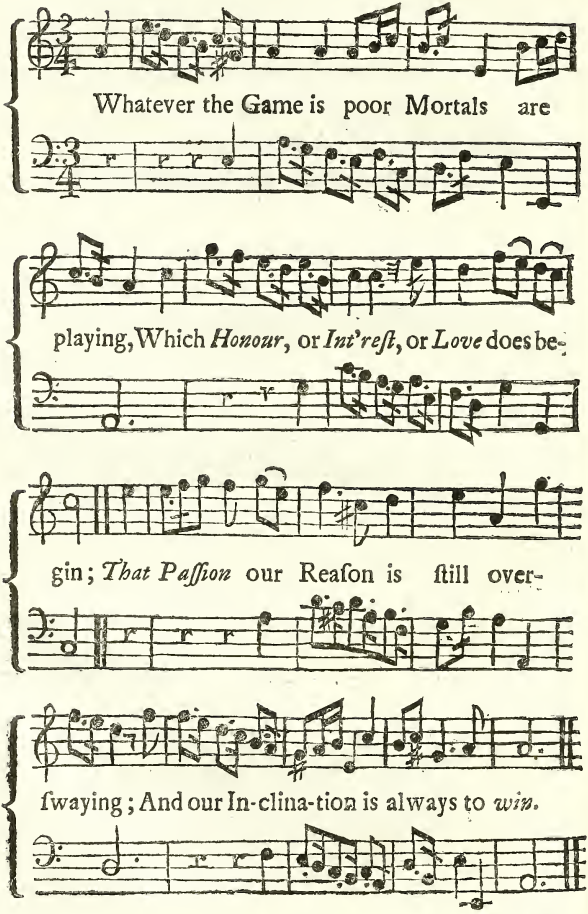
The Stage is a Trifle, they ſay;
The Reaſon pray carry along,
Becauſe at ev'ry new Play
The Houſe they with Trifles ſo throng.

But with People's Malice to Trifle,
And to ſet us all on a foot,
The Author of this is a Trifle;
And his Song is a Trifle to boot.

For the FLUTE.

A SURE CARD: *Or, The* LAST STAKE.

Set by Mr. *J.* SHEELES.


Whatever the Game is poor Mortals are
playing, Which *Honour*, or *Int'reſt*, or *Love* does be-
gin; *That Paſſion* our Reaſon is ſtill over-
ſwaying; And our In-clina-tion is always to *win*.

Who,

Who, carry'd aloft on the Wings of Ambition,
  Aſpires to ſuch Heights, as none ever have been;
When got to the Top of all human Condition,
  Will find his Deſires ſtill greater to *win*.

The Merchant, who ventures his Life for his Treaſure,
  Who ſcruples for Wealth neither Danger nor Sin;
Tho' his Plum is made up, for Joy has no Leiſure,
  But ſtill has ſome further Project to *win*.

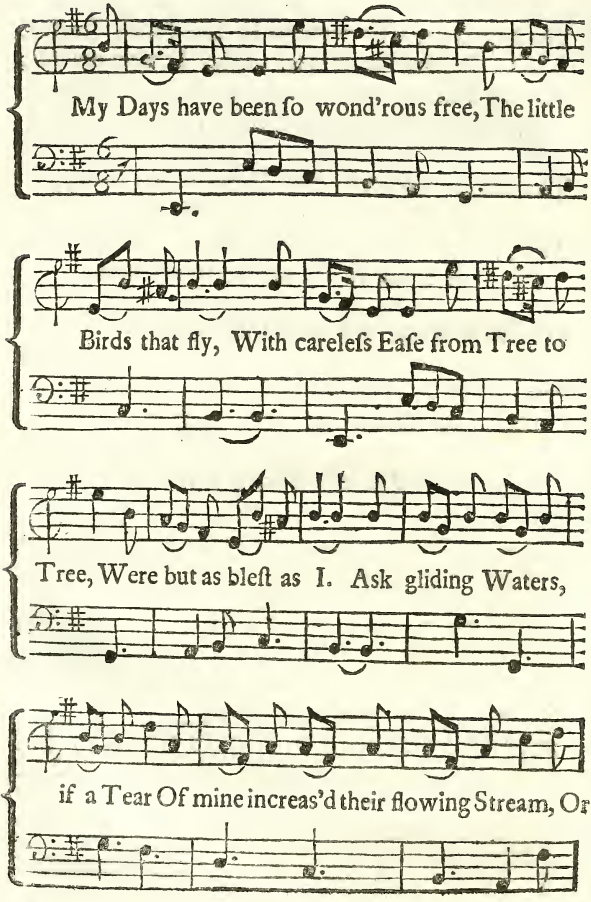
The Lover, who ſets all his Hopes on his Fancy,
  And hugs the ſoft charming Idea within,
Aſleep, or awake, is ſtill dreaming on *Nancy*,
  And, loſing one Heart, has another to *win*.

He only is happy, and cannot miſcarry,
  Who firmly his Faith on true VIRTUE does pin;
For, let others *Triumph*, or *Traffick*, or *Marry*,
  He, in the Concluſion, is certain to *win*.

For the FLUTE.

LOVE *and* INNOCENCE.

The Words by Dr. *PARNELL.*


My Days have been ſo wond'rous free, The little
Birds that fly, With careleſs Eaſe from Tree to
Tree, Were but as bleſt as I. Ask gliding Waters,
if a Tear Of mine increas'd their flowing Stream, Or

ask

But now my former Days retire,
And I'm by Beauty caught;
The tender Chains of ſweet Deſire,
Are fix'd upon my Thought.
An eager Hope within my Breaſt
Does ev'ry anxious Doubt controul,
And charming *Celia* ſtands confeſt
The Fav'rite of my Soul.

Ye Nightingales, ye twiſted Pines,
Ye Swains that haunt the Grove,
Ye gentle Ecchoes, breezy Winds,
Ye cloſe Retreats of Love;
With all of Nature, all of Art,
Aſſiſt the ſoft and dear Deſign;
O teach a young, unpractis'd Heart,
To make fair *Nancy* mine.

The very Thought of Change I hate,
As much as of Deſpair,
Nor ever covet to be Great,
Unleſs it be for her.

'Tis

'Tis true, the Paſſion in my Mind
Is mixt with a ſevere Diſtreſs;
Yet while the Fair I love is kind,
I cannot wiſh it Leſs.

To the foregoing Tune.

NOT *Eden*'s Garden did diſdain
That pleaſing Paſſion *Love*;
Where free from Guilt, and ev'ry Pain,
Adam did gaily rove.
Not Tides of Furies' raging Fires,
That follow ev'ry wanton Chace,
Meer Vapours rais'd by hot Deſires,
That vaniſh with Diſgrace.

How guiltleſs may I meet the Flame
Of *Cinthia*'s purer Breaſt,
Whilſt Friendſhip makes us ſtill the ſame,
With ev'ry Virtue dreſt:
Her Mind at firſt a Conqueſt made;
Her graceful Mind I muſt approve;
Her Wiſdom chearful ſtill appear'd,
And juſtify'd my Love.

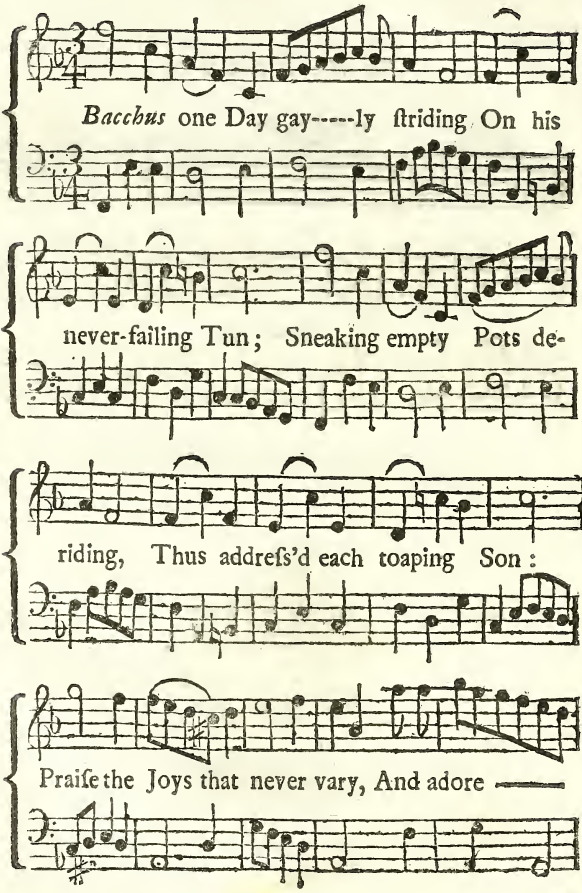
Truſt not to Features, fleeting Charms;
Nor hug a *painted Toy*;
Thoſe Age or Sickneſs ſoon diſarms,
Warm Air will this deſtroy.

Let tender Paſſions take their Turn,
And ſocial Virtues lead the way;
Where Minds are match'd, they ſeldom mourn,
Nor curſe the Marriage Day.

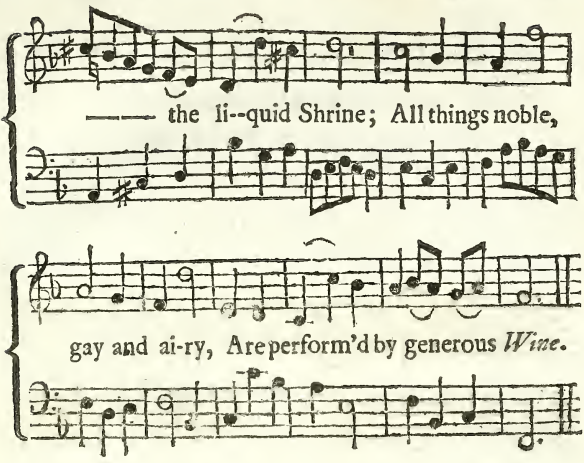
For the FLUTE.

BACCHUS's *Speech in Praiſe of* WINE.

To a Minuet of Mr. *HANDEL*'s.


Bacchus one Day gay-----ly ſtriding On his
never-failing Tun; Sneaking empty Pots de-
riding, Thus addreſs'd each toaping Son:
Praiſe the Joys that never vary, And adore ——

the



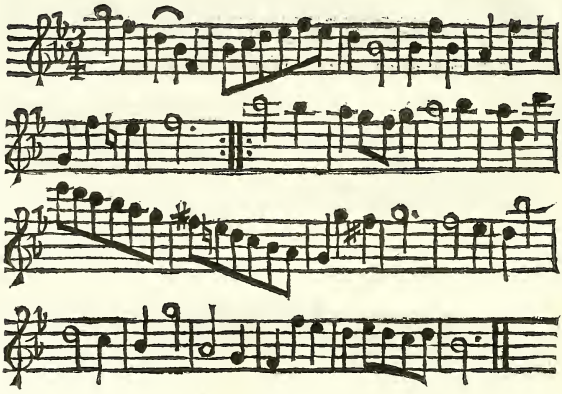
Ancient Heroes, crown'd with Glory,
Owe their noble Riſe to me;
Poets wrote the flaming Story,
Fir'd by my Divinity:
If my Influence is wanting,
Muſick's Charms but ſlowly move;
Beauty too in vain lies panting,
'Till I fill the Swains with Love.

If you crave a laſting Pleaſure,
Mortals, this way bend your Eyes;
From my ever-flowing Treaſure,
Charming Scenes of Bliſs ariſe.

Here's

Here's the ſoothing balmy Bleſſing,
Sole Diſpeller of your Pain;
Gloomy Souls from Care releaſing:
He who drinks not, lives in vain.

For the FLUTE.



The SNAKE *in the* GRASS.

To a LADY of Pleaſure.

By Mr. W. BEDINGFIELD. *Set by Mr.* DIEUPART.

Your Eyes diſcharge the Darts of Love,
But oh! what Pains ſucceed,
When Darts ſhall Pins and Needles prove,
And *Love* a *Fire* indeed!

The Fly about the Candle gay
  Dances, with thoughtleſs Hum;
But ſhort, alas! his giddy Play,
  His Pleaſure proves his Doom.

The Child, in ſuch Simplicity,
  About the Bee-hive clings,
And with one Drop of Honey, he
  Receives a Hundred Stings.

The WARNING.

To the foregoing Tune.

LOvers, who waſte your Thoughts and Youth,
  In Paſſion's fond Extremes;
Who dream of Women's Love and Truth,
  And doat upon your Dreams:

I ſhou'd not here your Fancy take
  From ſuch a pleaſing State;
Were you not ſure at laſt to wake,
  And find your Fault too late.

Then learn betimes, the Love which crowns
  Our Cares, is all but Wiles;
Compos'd of falſe fantaſtick Frowns,
  And ſoft diſſembling Smiles.

With

With Anger, which ſometimes they feign,
They cruel Tyrants prove;
And then turn Flatterers again,
With as affected Love.

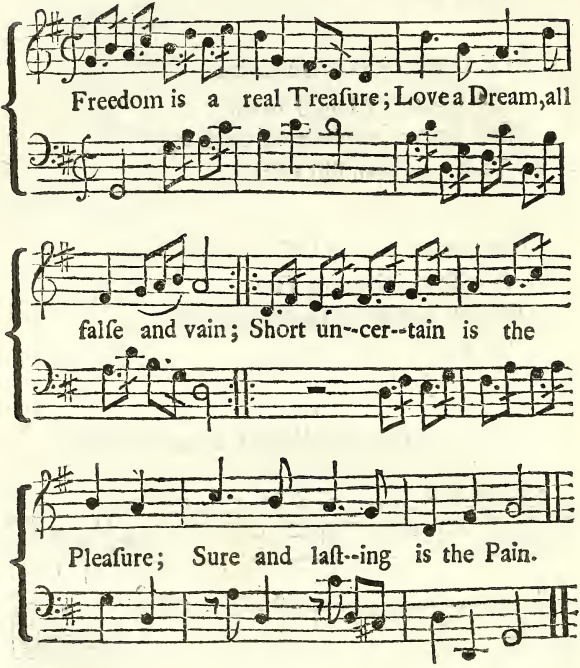
As if ſome Injury were meant
To thoſe they kindly us'd,
Thoſe Lovers are the moſt content,
That have been ſtill refus'd.

Since each has in his Boſom nurs'd
A falſe and fawning Foe;
'Tis juſt, and wiſe, by ſtriking firſt,
To ſcape the fatal Blow.

For the FLUTE.

The FOLLY *of* LOVE.

Set by Mr. *J. SHEELES.*



A ſincere and tender Paſſion
Some ill Planet over-rules;
Ah, how blind is Inclination!
Fate and Women doat on Fools.

Anſwer

Anſwer to the foregoing Song.

WHY this talking ſtill of Dying?
Why this diſmal Look and Groan?
Leave, fond Lover, leave your Sighing;
Let theſe fruitleſs Arts alone.

Love's the Child of Joy and Pleaſure,
Born of Beauty, nurs'd with Wit;
Much amiſs you take your Meaſure,
This dull whining way to hit.

Tender Maids you fright from Loving,
By th' Effect they ſee in you;
If you wou'd be truly moving,
Eagerly the Point purſue:

Briſk and gay appear in wooing;
Pleaſant be, if you wou'd pleaſe;
All this Talking, and no Doing,
Will not Love, but Hate increaſe.

For the FLUTE.

The BOB of DUNBLANE.

Come Laffie, lend me your braw Hemp
Heckle, And I'll lend you my Thripling
Kame; For Fainneſs, Deary, I'll gar ye
heckle, If you'll go dance *the Bob of* Dunblane.

Haſte

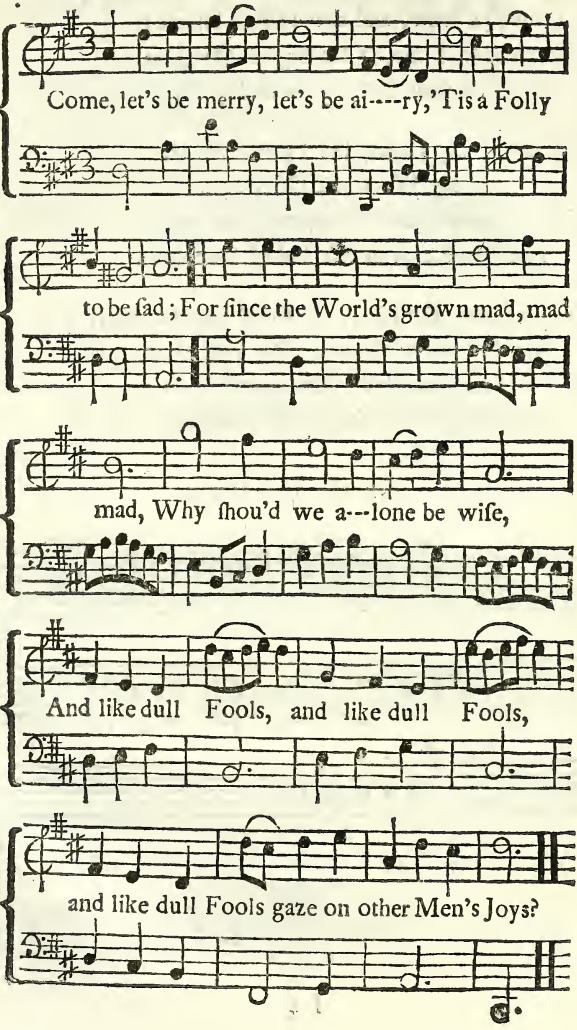
Haſte ye, gang to the Ground of ye'r Trunkies,
Busk ye braw, and dinna think Shame;
Conſider in Time, if leading of Monkies,
Be better than dancing *the Bob of* Dunblane.

Be frank, my Laſſie, leſt I grow fickle,
And tak my Word and Offer again,
Syne ye may chance to repent it mickle
Ye didna accept of *the Bob of* Dunblane.

The Dinner, the Piper, the Prieſt ſhall be ready,
And I'm grown Dowie with lying alane;
Away then, leave baith Minny and Dady,
And try with me *the Bob of* Dunblane.

For the FLUTE.

ADVICE *to the* MELANCHOLY.


Come, let's be merry, let's be ai----ry, 'Tis a Folly
to be ſad; For ſince the World's grown mad, mad
mad, Why ſhou'd we a---lone be wiſe,
And like dull Fools, and like dull Fools,
and like dull Fools gaze on other Men's Joys?

Let not To-morrow bring your Sorrow,
While the Stream of Time flows on;
But when the bliſsful Day is paſt,
Still endeavour that the next
Be full as gay, and as little perplex'd.

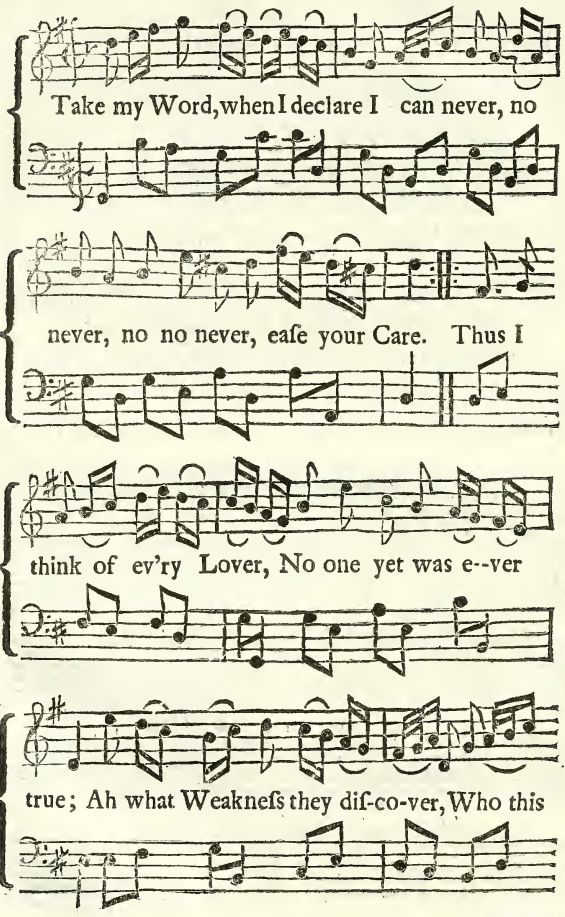
If you have Leiſure, follow Pleaſure,
Let not an Hour of Bliſs paſs by;
For as the fleeting Minutes fly,
Time it will your Youth decay,
Then ſtrive to live, and be bleſt whilſt you may.

If you have Plenty, nought will torment you,
But yet your ſelves, your ſelves may annoy;
Hearty and free's the poor Man's Joy;
Gladly yielding the Minutes paſs,
And when old *Time* ſhakes him, takes off his Glaſs.

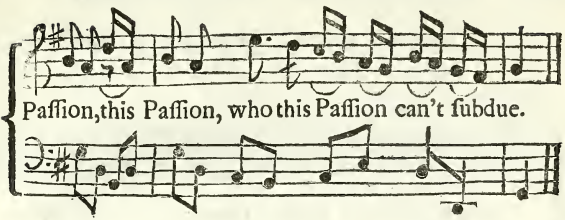
For the FLUTE.

Tranſlated from the Italian *Opera of* PHARNACES.

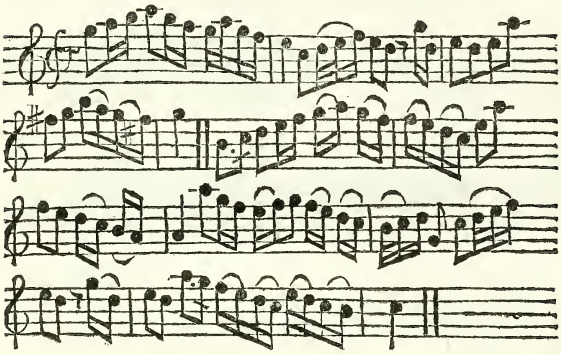
Set by Mr. *J. SHEELES.*


Take my Word, when I declare I can never, no
never, no no never, eaſe your Care. Thus I
think of ev'ry Lover, No one yet was e--ver
true; Ah what Weakneſs they diſ-co-ver, Who this

Paſſion,



For the FLUTE.



Set by Mr. *G. MONRO.*

tr
My God--deſs *Celia*, Heav'n---ly fair, As
Lillies ſweet, as ſoft as Air; Let looſe thy
Treſſes, ſpread thy Charms, And to my
Love give freſh Alarms.

O

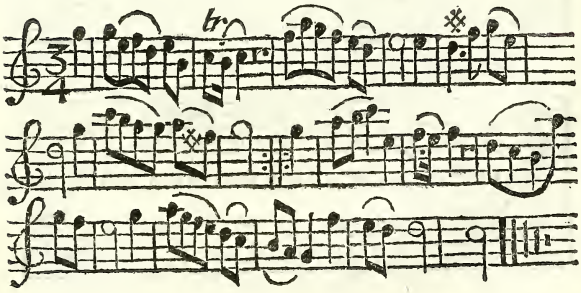
O let me gaze on thoſe bright Eyes;
Tho' ſacred Lightning from 'em flies:
Shew me that ſoft, that modeſt Grace,
Which paints, with charming Red, thy Face.

Give me Ambroſia in a Kiſs,
That I may rival *Jove* in Bliſs;
That I may mix my Soul with thine,
And make the Pleaſure all Divine.

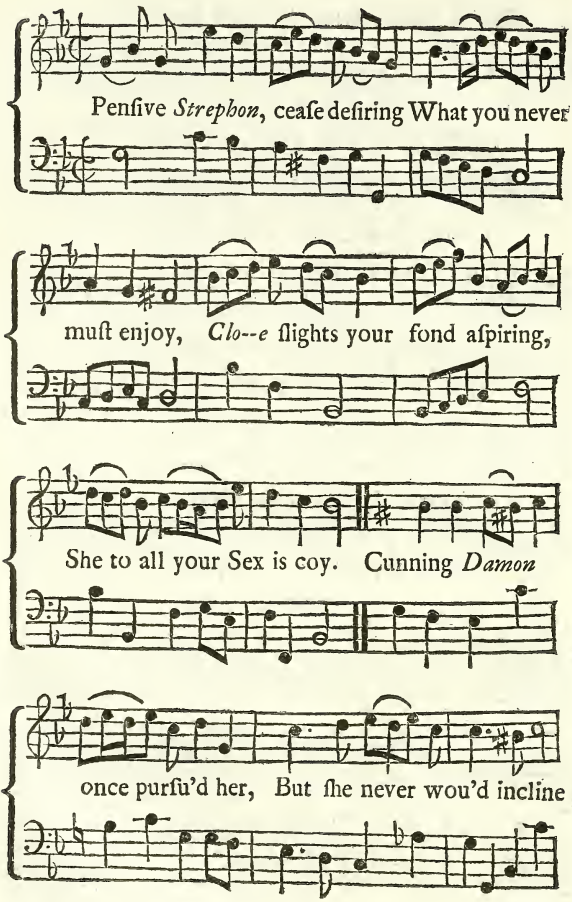
O hide thy Boſom's killing White,
(The Milky-Way is not ſo bright;)
Leſt you my raviſh'd Soul oppreſs
With Beauty's Pomp, and ſweet Exceſs.

Why draw'ſt thou from the purple Flood
Of my kind Heart the Vital Blood?
Thou art all over endleſs Charms!
O take me, dying, to thy Arms.

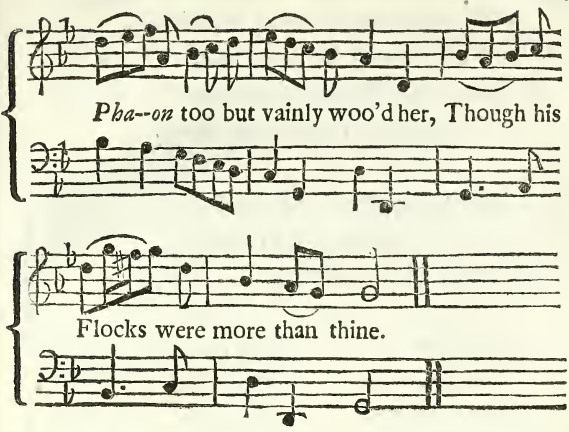
For the FLUTE.



ADVICE to STREPHON.


Penſive *Strephon*, ceaſe deſiring What you never
muſt enjoy, *Clo--e* ſlights your fond aſpiring,
She to all your Sex is coy. Cunning *Damon*
once purſu'd her, But ſhe never wou'd incline;

Phaon



Wou'd you, *Strephon*, eaſe your Anguiſh,
And forget the fair One's Charms,
See *Florella* for you languiſh,
Fly to her endearing Arms:
She's to all you wiſh, conſenting,
Ever Eaſy, ever Kind;
Leave the fickle Maid relenting,
She will ſoon her Folly find.

To the foregoing Tune.

GENTLE Love, this Hour befriend me,
To my Eyes reſign thy Dart;
Notes of melting Muſick lend me,
To diſſolve a frozen Heart.

Chill

Chill as Mountain-Snow her Boſom,
Tho' I tender Language uſe;
'Tis by cold Indiff'rence frozen,
To my Arms, and to my Muſe.

See my dying Eyes are pleading,
Where a broken Heart appears,
For thy Pity interceding,
With the Eloquence of Tears.
While the Lamp of Life is fading,
And beneath thy Coldneſs dies,
Death my ebbing Pulſe invading,
Take my Soul into thy Eyes.

For the FLUTE.

On Mrs. CECILIA B---, *on St.* CECILIA'*s Day.*

By Mr. *WILLIAM BEDINGFIELD.*

Set by Mr. DIEUPART.

Divine *Ce--ci--lia*, now grown old, Muſt
yield to One of freſh--er Mold. Her
Strains brought Angels down to hear, And liſten
with a raviſh'd Ear:

But here's ſuch Harmony of Shape,
Might tempt them to another Rape;
And make them leave their Heav'n behind,
To wed the Daughters of Mankind.

There needs no Angel from the Skies,
A real Goddeſs charms our Eyes;
As *Venus* to *Æneas* prov'd,
So look'd, ſo talk'd, ſo ſmil'd, ſo mov'd.

When *Purcel*'s melting Notes ſhe ſings,
Applauding *Cupids* clap their Wings,
Miſtake her for their *Cyprian* Dame,
Her Infant too for one of them.

She graceful leads the dancing Quire,
As ſmooth as Air, or quick as Fire;
Now riſing like the bounding Roe,
Now ſinks as Flakes of feather'd Snow.

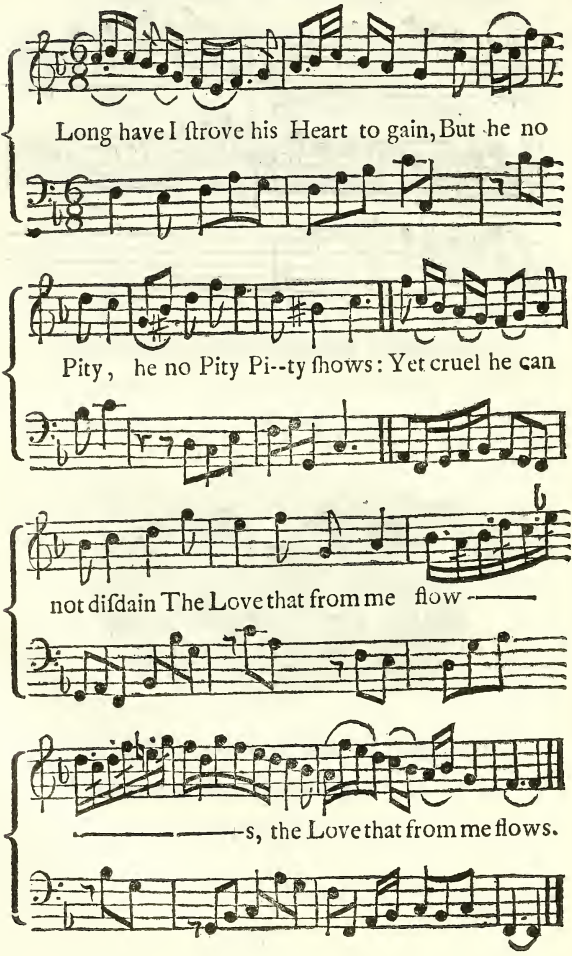
In ſacred Story may be read,
How Dancing coſt St. *John* his Head;
We here expoſe a nobler Part,
For ſure no *Head* is worth a *Heart*.

For

For the FLUTE.

The COMPLAINING LOVER.

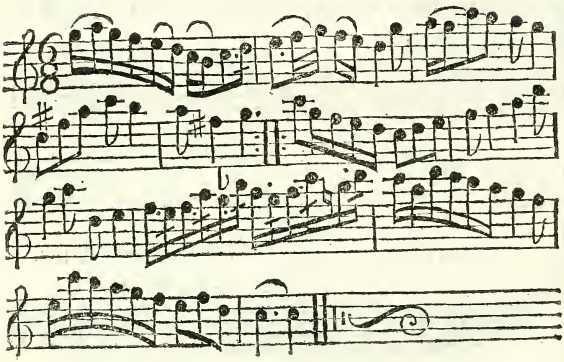
Set by Mr. *MONRO.*


Long have I ſtrove his Heart to gain, But he no
Pity, he no Pity Pi--ty ſhows: Yet cruel he can
not diſdain The Love that from me flow ——
——s, the Love that from me flows.

Oft have I try'd to win his Love,
But that cou'd ne'er attain:
Now, *Cupid*, tell me where to rove,
And eaſe my Love-ſick Pain.

Ye Gods omnipotent, whoſe Pow'r
Can help the injur'd Fair,
Pity my Tale, my Peace reſtore,
And baniſh my Deſpair.

For the FLUTE.

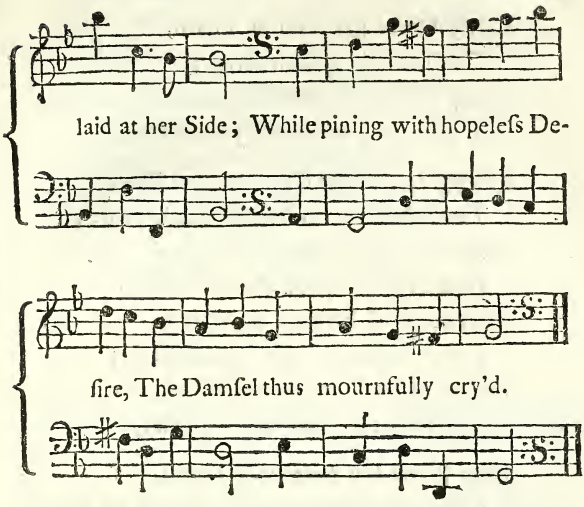


The REPENTING COQUET.

To the PRINCE's MINUET.

Clarinda, the Pride of the Plain, So fam'd for her
conquering Charms, Repenting her Scorn of a
Swain, Sat penſive, and folding her Arms.
Her Lute, and her ſhining Attire, Neglected, were

laid



Oh! cou'd the paſt Hours but return,
When I triumph'd in *Angelot*'s Heart,
Clarinda wou'd mutually burn,
Wou'd mutually ſuffer the Smart:
But far from the Plain he is gone,
Enjoys the ſweet Smiles of a Fair,
Whoſe Kindneſs the Shepherd has won;
And *Clarinda* no more is his Care.

How oft at theſe Feet has he lain,
Bewailing his ſorrowful Fate!
But all his Complaints were in vain,
I fooliſhly doated on State.

I long'd to be gaz'd on in Town,
To ſparkle in golden Array;
By my Dreſs, and my Charms to be known,
In the *Park*, and at ev'ry new Play.

I thought, without Grandeur and Fame,
That Marriage no Bleſſing cou'd prove;
Some wealthy young Heir was my Aim;
And I ſlighted poor *Angelot*'s Love.
Such Madneſs beſotted my Mind,
I receiv'd all his Sighs with Diſdain;
I regarded his Vows but as Wind,
And ſcornfully ſmil'd at his Pain.

How happy my Fortune had been,
Cou'd my Reaſon have conquer'd my Pride!
In Bliſs I had rival'd a Queen;
Had I been my dear *Angelot*'s Bride:
With him more Content I had found,
Than Grandeur and Fame can ſupply;
For his Fondneſs my Wiſhes had crown'd,
With a Paſſion that never wou'd die.

I had feaſted with innocent Joy,
On the Pleaſures of Kindneſs and Eaſe;
While the Fears which the great Ones annoy,
Had ne'er interrupted my Peace.
But ah! that glad Proſpect is gone!
His Love I can never regain:
And the Loſs I ſhall ever bemoan,
'Till Death ſhall relieve me from Pain.

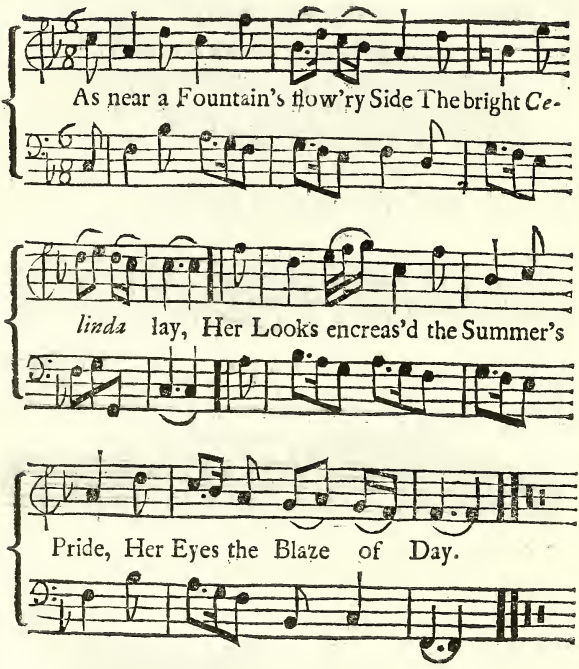
Thus

Thus wail'd the ſad Nymph all in Tears,
When the Swain to the Green did advance;
In his Hand his new Conſort appears,
With a Train, gaily join'd, in a Dance.
Impatient, and ſick at the Sight,
To the neighbouring Grove ſhe retir'd,
(Once the Scene of her daily Delight)
And fainting, in Silence expir'd.

For the FLUTE.

A BEE *Expiring on a* LADY's LIPS.

Set by Mr. *J. SHEELES.*



The Roſes bluſh'd with deeper Red,
To ſee themſelves outdone;
The Lillies ſhrunk into their Beds,
To find ſuch Rival ſhone.

Quick

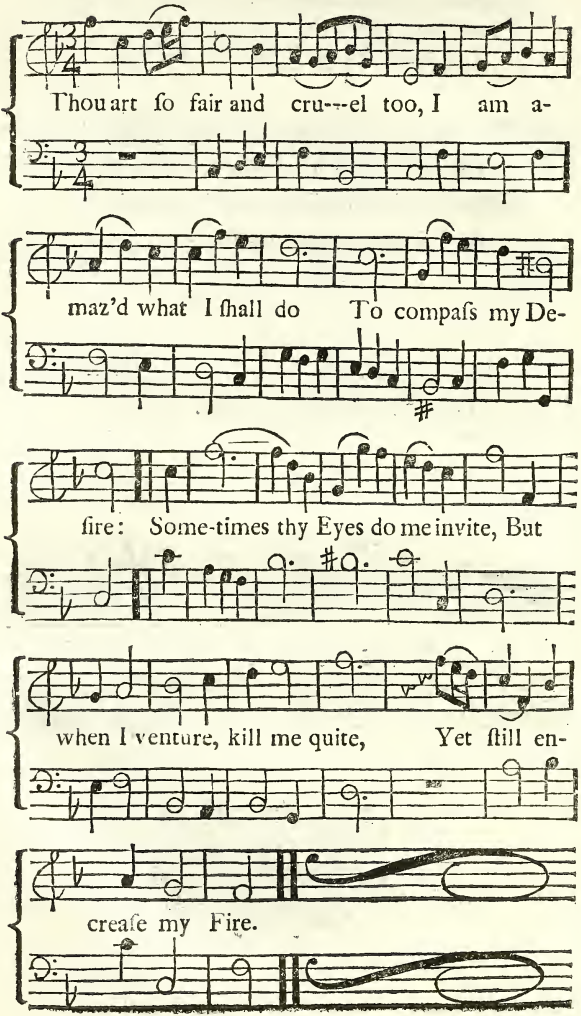
Quick thro' the Air to this Retreat
A Bee induſtrious flew,
Prepar'd to riffle ev'ry Sweet,
And ſip the balmy Dew.

Drawn by the Fragrance of her Breath,
Her Roſy Lips he found,
Where he in Tranſports met his Death,
And dropt upon the Ground.

Enjoy, bleſt Bee, enjoy thy Fate,
Nor at thy Fall repine,
Since Kings wou'd quit their Royal State,
To ſhare a Death like thine.

For the FLUTE.

The PERPLEX'D LOVER.


Thou art ſo fair and cru---el too, I am a-
maz'd what I ſhall do To compaſs my De-
ſire: Some-times thy Eyes do me invite, But
when I venture, kill me quite, Yet ſtill en-
creaſe my Fire.

I ſtill have Thoughts my Love to quell,
And all its Furies to repel,
Since I no Hope can find;
But when I think of leaving thee,
My Heart as much doth torture me,
As 'twould rejoice if kind.

I ſtill muſt love, tho' hardly us'd;
And never proffer'd, but refus'd;
Can any ſuffer more?
Be Coy, be Cruel, do thy Worſt;
Tho' for thy ſake I am accurſt,
I muſt and will adore.

For the FLUTE.

The HIGHLAND LASSIE.

The Lawland Maids gang trig and fine, But
aft they're four and unco ſawſy, Sae proud they
ne--ver can be kind, Like my good-
hu--mour'd High---land Laſ---ſie.

O

O my bony, bony Highland Laſſie,
My lovely ſmiling Highland Laſſie,
May never Care make thee leſs fair,
But Bloom of Youth ſtill bleſs my Laſſie.

Than ony Laſs in *Borrowſtown*,
Who make their Cheeks with Patches motie,
I'd tak my *Katie* but a Gown,
Bare footed in her little Cotie.
O my bony, &c.

Beneath the Brier or Brecken Buſh,
Whene'er I kiſs and court my Dautie,
Happy and blyth as ane wad wiſh,
My flighteren Heart gangs pittie-pattie.
O my bony, &c.

O'er higheſt heathery Hills I'll ſtenn,
With cockit Gun and Ratches tenty,
To drive the Deer out of their Den,
To feaſt my Laſs on Diſhes dainty.
O my bony, &c.

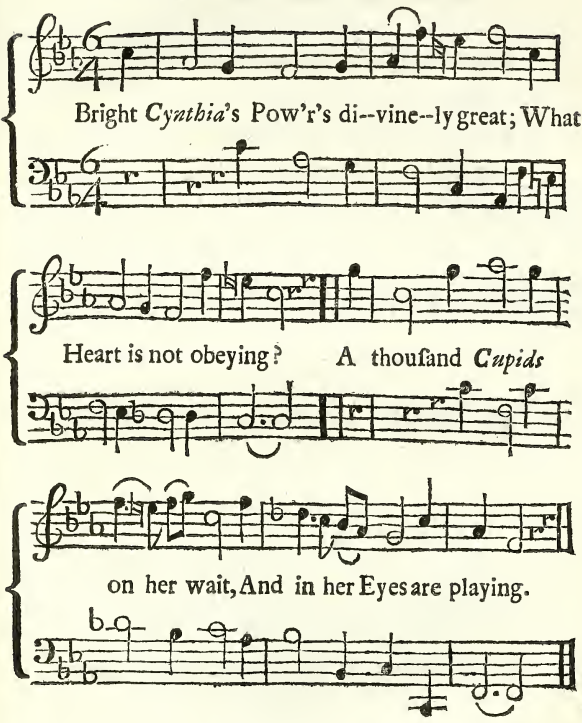
There's nane ſhall dare, by Deed or Word,
'Gainſt her to wag a Tongue or Finger,
While I can wield my truſty Sword,
Or frae my Side whisk out a Whinger.
O my bony, &c.

The Mountains clad with purple Bloom,
And Berries ripe invite my Treaſure,
To range with me; let great Fowk gloom,
While Wealth and Pride confound their Pleaſure.

O my bony, bony Highland Laſſie,
My lovely ſmiling Highland Laſſie,
May never Care make thee leſs fair,
But Bloom of Youth ſtill bleſs my Laſſie.

BRIGHT *CYNTHIA.*

Set by Mr. *J. SHEELES.*



She ſeems the Queen of *Love* to reign;
For ſhe alone diſpences
Such Sweets, as beſt can entertain
The Guſt of all the Senſes.

Her Face a charming Proſpect brings;
Her Breath gives balmy Bliſſes:
I hear an Angel when ſhe ſings,
And taſte of Heav'n in Kiſſes.

Four Senſes thus ſhe feaſts with Joy,
From Nature's chiefeſt Treaſure;
Let me the other Senſe employ,
And I ſhall die with Pleaſure.

The LOVER's BLISS.

To the foregoing Tune.

WHILE on thoſe lovely Looks I gaze,
To ſee a Wretch purſuing,
In Raptures of a bleſt Amaze,
A pleaſing, happy Ruin;

'Tis not for Pity that I move;
His Fate is too aſpiring,
Whoſe Heart, broke with a Load of Love,
Dies, wiſhing and admiring.

But, if this Murder you'd forego,
Your Slave from Death removing;
Let me your Art of Charming know;
Or learn you mine of Loving.

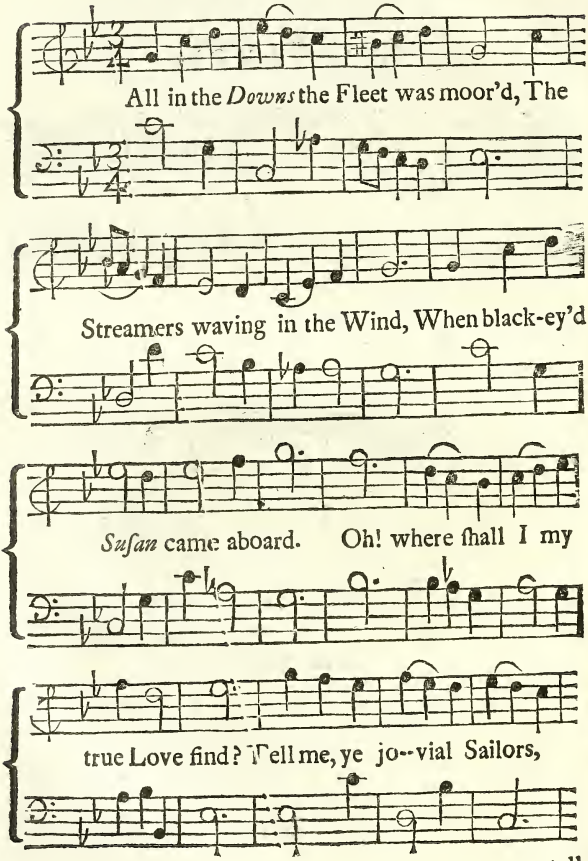
But, whether Life or Death betide,
In Love 'tis equal Meaſure;
The Victor lives with empty Pride;
The Vanquiſh'd die with Pleaſure.

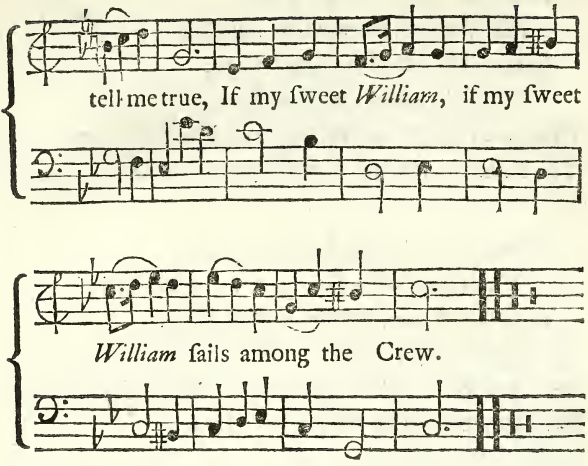
For the FLUTE.

Sweet WILLIAM's FAREWELL *to Black-ey'd SUSAN.*

By Mr. *GAY.*

The Tune by Mr. LEVERIDGE.


All in the *Downs* the Fleet was moor'd, The
Streamers waving in the Wind, When black-ey'd
Susan came aboard. Oh! where ſhall I my
true Love find? Tell me, ye jo--vial Sailors,
tell



William, who high upon the Yard
Rock'd with the Billow to and fro,
Soon as her well-known Voice he heard,
He ſigh'd, and caſt his Eyes below:
The Cord ſlides ſwiftly thro' his glowing Hands,
And (quick as Light'ning) on the Deck he ſtands.

So the ſweet Lark, high-pois'd in Air,
Shuts cloſe his Pinions to his Breaſt,
(If, chance, his Mate's ſhrill Call he hear)
And drops at once into her Neſt:
The nobleſt Captain in the *Britiſh* Fleet
Might envy *William*'s Lip thoſe Kiſſes ſweet.

O *Suſan*, *Suſan*, lovely Dear,
My Vows ſhall ever true remain;
Let me kiſs off that falling Tear:
We only part to meet again:
Change as ye liſt, ye Winds; my Heart ſhall be
The faithful Compaſs that ſtill points to thee.

Believe not what the Landmen ſay,
Who tempt with Doubts thy conſtant Mind;
They'll tell thee, Sailors, when away,
In ev'ry Port a Miſtreſs find:
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee ſo,
For thou art preſent whereſoe'er I go.

If to far *India*'s Coaſt we ſail,
Thy Eyes are ſeen in Diamonds bright;
Thy Breath is *Africk*'s Spicy Gale;
Thy Skin is Ivory ſo white:
Thus ev'ry beauteous Object that I view,
Wakes in my Soul ſome Charm of lovely *Sue*.

Tho' Battel call me from thy Arms,
Let not my pretty *Suſan* mourn;
Tho' Cannons roar, yet, ſafe from Harms,
William ſhall to his Dear return;
Love turns aſide the Balls that round me fly,
Leſt precious Tears ſhould drop from *Suſan*'s Eye.

The Boatſwain gave the dreadful Word,
The Sails their ſwelling Boſom ſpread;
No longer muſt ſhe ſtay Aboard:
They kiſs'd; ſhe ſigh'd; he hung his Head.
Her leſſening Boat unwilling rows to Land:
Adieu! ſhe cries; and wav'd her Lilly Hand.

For the FLUTE.

The LOVER's CHOICE.

By Mr. W. BEDINGFIELD. *Set by Mr.* DIEUPART.

You, *Damon*, covet to poſſeſs The Nymph that
ſparkles in her Dreſs; Wou'd ruſtling
Silks and Hoops invade, And claſp an
Armful of Brocade.

Such

Such raiſe the Price of your Delight,
Who purchaſe both their *Red* and *White*,
And, Pyrate-like, ſurprize your Heart
With Colours of adult'rate Art.

Me, *Damon*, me the Maid inchants,
Whoſe Cheeks the Hand of *Nature* paints;
A modeſt Bluſh adorns her Face,
Her Air an unaffected Grace.

No Art ſhe knows, or ſeeks to know;
No Charm to wealthy Pride will owe;
No Gems, no Gold ſhe needs to wear;
She ſhines Intrinſically fair.

For the FLUTE.

The FOLLY *of* LOVE.

Set by Mr. *MONROE.*

Love's a trifling fil---ly Paſſion; Often teiſing,
Sel-dom pleaſing; If we're conſtant, if we're conſtant
ſure to cloy: Love's a tri---fling fil---ly Paſſion,

Often

Often teizing, Seldom pleaſing; If we're conſtant,
ſure to cloy
If we're conſtant, ſure to
cloy. Let us follow Inclination; Always
ranging,

ranging, Ever changing, Brings a fresh Sup-
ply of Joy
Brings a fresh Supply of Joy.

D. C.

For

For the FLUTE.

The VANITY *of* RICHES.

Imitated from ANACREON.

Set by Mr. *J. SHEELES.*

Could Gold im---mor---ta---lize a Man, Or ſtretch his
Days beyond their Span; Could it re---tain our
parting Breath; Or blunt the point---ed Sting of
Death; I'd cringe, I'd write, I'd fawn, I'd pray, All

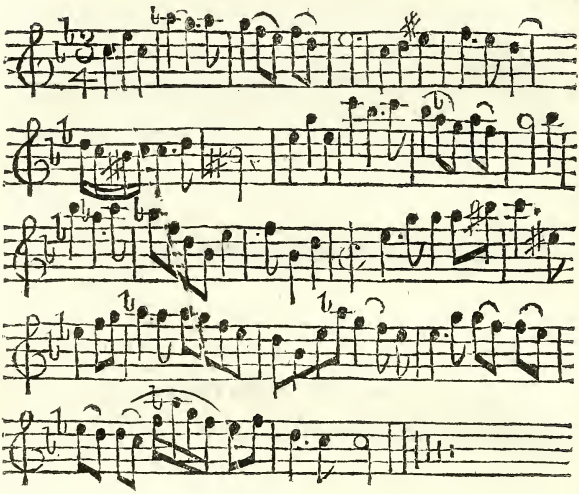
But ſince theſe Toys, theſe glitt'ring Baits,
Theſe little Arts, theſe hateful Cheats,
Since all their Stores will nought avail,
When drooping Nature once does fail,
Why all this Clutter, why this Pain,
Why all this Sweating ſtill in vain,
For great Preferments, and a gaudy Train?

Death makes the Bays, the Robes, the Gown
To lay their fading Honours down;
Nor can their Bribes make him relent,
Or their impending Fate prevent:

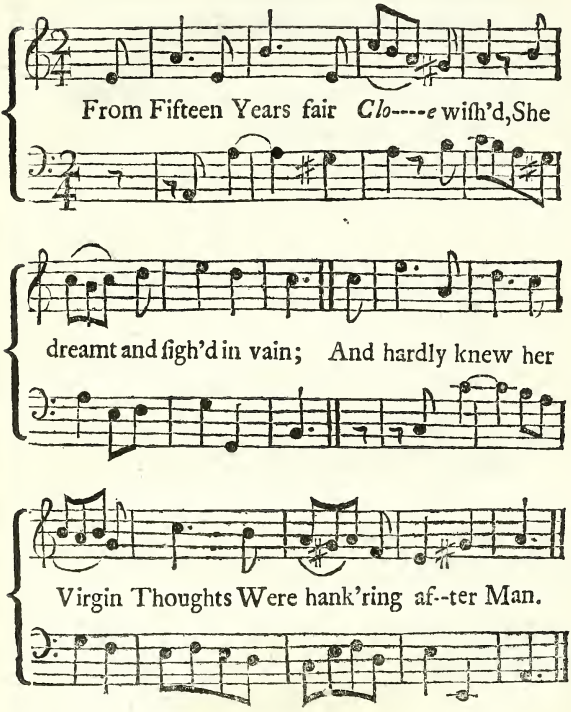
Then

Then ſince theſe mighty Men, and I,
The Rich, the Poor, and all muſt die,
Why ſhould I heap up Wealth, O, tell me why?

For the FLUTE.



The OXFORDSHIRE MATCH.


From Fifteen Years fair *Clo----e* wiſh'd, She
dreamt and ſigh'd in vain; And hardly knew her
Virgin Thoughts Were hank'ring af--ter Man.

'Twas long before the harmleſs Maid
Gueſs'd whence her Paſſion grew;
But when ſhe had her ſelf ſurvey'd,
The ſecret Cauſe ſhe knew.

To *Jove* ſhe thus her ſelf addreſs'd,
And humbly begg'd his Aid;
He kindly lent a liſt'ning Ear,
While thus the Proſtrate ſaid:

" Grant me, great *Jove*, a Husband Rich,
" Gay, Vigorous, Kind, and Young,
" A Churchman hot, a Tory true,
" And to his Party ſtrong.

No Grudge the God bore to the Maid,
He therefore thus did grant,
" Be match'd, for Life, to an old Whigg
" Of Merit, and of Want.

Enrag'd, the Nymph to *Venus* fled,
Who eas'd the Devotee,
And yoak'd her to a jolly Swain,
From Want and Party free.

To the foregoing Tune.

AS fond *Philander*, in the Pit,
By fair *Ophelia* ſat,
A Card, by ſome ſly Gall'ry Wit,
Was dropt upon his Hat.

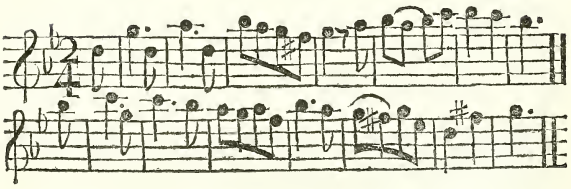
The

The Nymph, obſerving, ſnatch'd it thence;
But, bluſhing at the Sight,
Confeſs'd it had explain'd her Senſe,
And brought her Love to light.

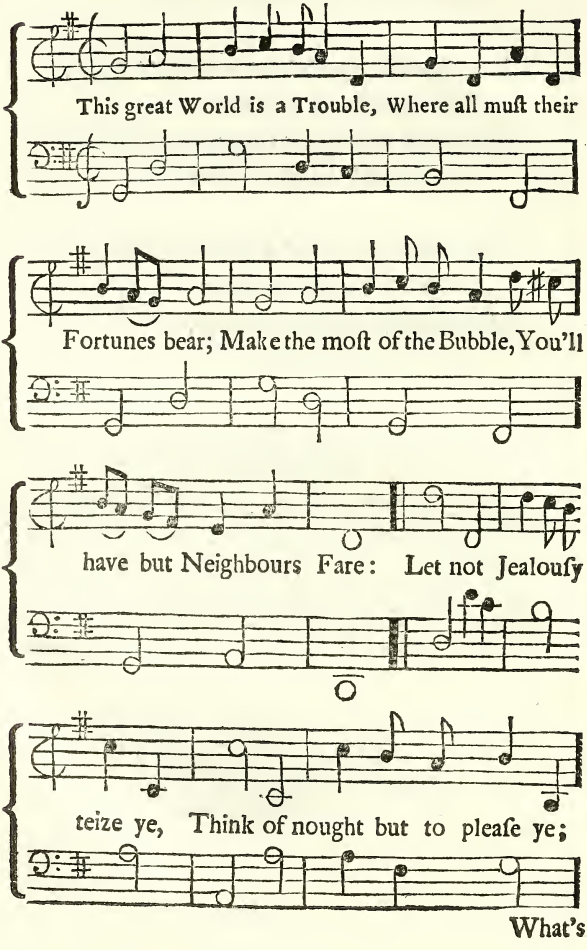
The Swain, perceiving her chang'd Look,
With ſudden Rapture ſtarts;
The Card with ſweet Compulſion took,
And found it *King of Hearts.*

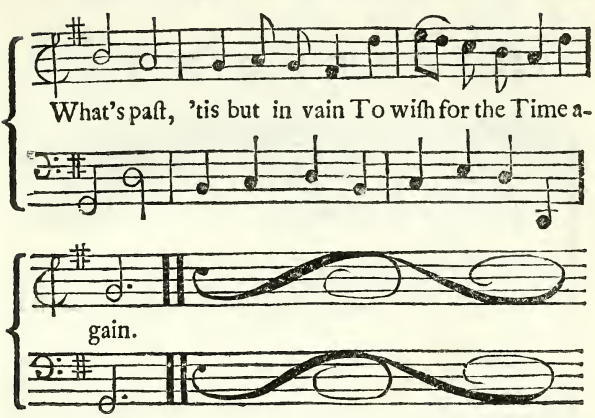
The King of Hearts! O Fortune bleſt,
Were I but ſuch, he cry'd:
You reign already in my Breaſt,
She lovingly reply'd.

For the FLUTE.



Sung by Mr. LEGARD, *in the Entertainment of* Jupiter *and* Europa.

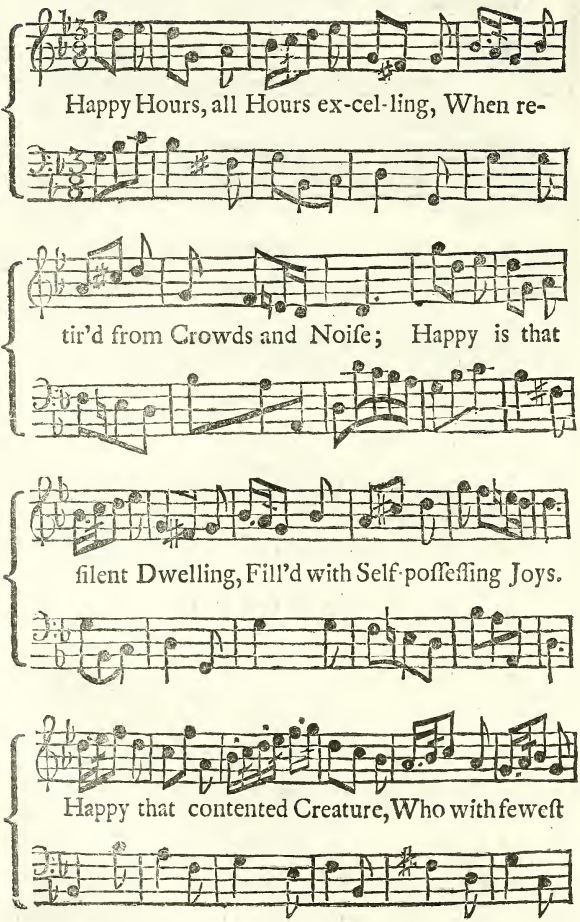

This great World is a Trouble, Where all muſt their
Fortunes bear; Make the moſt of the Bubble, You'll
have but Neighbours Fare: Let not Jealouſy
teize ye, Think of nought but to pleaſe ye;
What's



When dull Care does attack you,
  Drinking will thoſe Clouds repeal,
Four good Bottles will make you
  Happy, they ſeldom fail;
If a Fifth ſhould be wanted,
Ask the Gods, 'twill be granted;
Thus you'll eas'ly obtain
A Remedy for all Pain.

For the FLUTE.

The HAPPY MAN.


Happy Hours, all Hours ex-cel-ling, When re-
tir'd from Crowds and Noiſe; Happy is that
ſilent Dwelling, Fill'd with Self-poſſeſſing Joys.
Happy that contented Creature, Who with feweſt

Things

Ev'ry Paſſion wiſely moving,
Juſt as Reaſon turns the Scale;
Ev'ry State of Life improving,
That no anxious Thought prevail.
Happy Man who thus poſſeſſes
Life, with ſome Companion dear,
Joys imparted ſtill encreaſes;
Griefs, when told, ſoon diſappear.

To the foregoing Tune.

SEE the bright *Clarinda* walking,
All her Graces we admire;
Hear the lovely Charmer talking,
Ev'ry Word does Love inſpire.

All our Youth without repining,
Proud and happy in their Pains,
To Her their humble Hearts reſigning,
Glory in ſuch welcome Chains.

Pleas'd to find the Wife complaining
What one View of her has coſt,
Now they feel their Paſſions reigning,
And their boaſted Wiſdom loſt.

No mercenary Force maintains
Her Pow'r, nor any guilty Art;
Greater than Kings *Clarinda* reigns;
Her Empire's ſeated in the Heart.

For the FLUTE.

To a Young LADY *Weeping.*

By a Gentleman of *OXFORD.*

Behold the skilful Ar--tift's Hand Con-
troul our Paffions at Command, And with a
fingle Note impart Or Pain, or Pleafure
to the Heart.

Or,

Or, what e'en Contradiction ſeems,
Blend and unite theſe two Extreams;
And by a ſadly-pleaſing Strain
Give us at once both Joy, and Pain.

Thus while with Tears o'erflow thine Eyes,
While that dear Boſom heaves with Sighs,
Between two diff'rent Paſſions toſt,
I know not which controuls me moſt.

Who ſees That Face in Grief appear,
Nor drops a Sympathetick Tear?
Yet ſtill our Joys juſt Ballance keep,
Bleſs'd in Thy Preſence, who can weep?

LOVE *and* MUSICK.

To the foregoing Tune.

PERSUADE me not there is a Grace
Proceeds from *Silvia*'s Voice or Lute,
Againſt *Miranda*'s charming Face,
To make her hold the leaſt Diſpute.

Muſick,

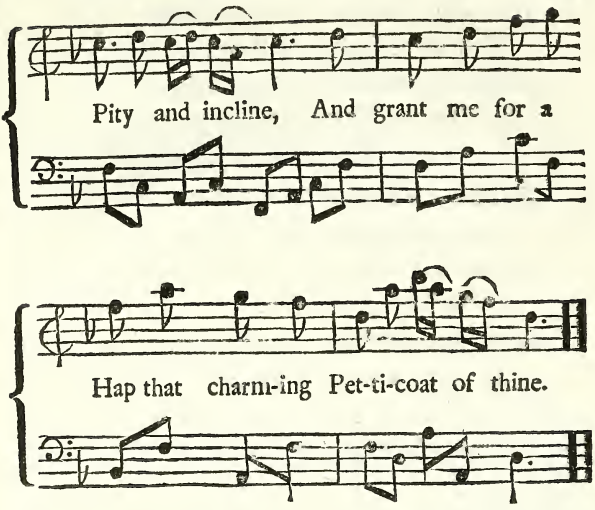
Muſick, which tunes the Soul for Love,
And ſtirs up all our ſoft Deſires,
Does but the glowing Flame improve,
Which pow'rful Beauty firſt inſpires.

Thus, whilſt with Art ſhe plays, and ſings,
I to *Miranda*, ſtanding by,
Impute the Muſick of the Strings,
And all the melting Words apply.

Hap me with thy PETTICOAT.

O *Bell*, thy Looks have pierc'd my Heart, I
paſs the Day in Pain, When Night returns I
feel the Smart, And wiſh for thee in vain. I'm
ſtarving cold, while thou art warm, Have

Pity



My raviſh'd Fancy in Amaze
Still wanders o'er thy Charms,
Deluſive Dreams ten thouſand ways
Preſent thee to my Arms.
But, waking, think what I endure,
While cruel you decline
Thoſe Pleaſures, which can only cure
This panting Breaſt of mine.

I faint, I fail, and wildly rove,
Becauſe you ſtill deny
The juſt Reward that's due to Love,
And let true Paſſion die.

Oh!

Oh! turn, and let Compaſſion ſeize
That lovely Breaſt of thine;
Thy Petticoat cou'd give me Eaſe,
If Thou and It were mine.

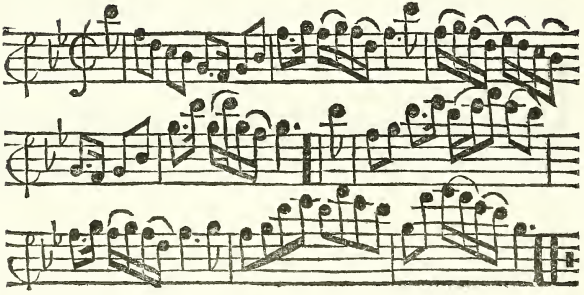
Sure Heav'n has fitted for Delight
That beauteous Form of thine,
And thou'rt too good its Law to ſlight,
By hind'ring the Deſign.
May all the Pow'rs of Love agree,
At length to make thee mine,
Or looſe my Chains, and ſet me free
From ev'ry Charm of thine.

To the foregoing Tune.

WHILST *Strephon*, in his Pride of Youth,
To me alone profeſt
Diſſembled Paſſion, dreſt like Truth,
He triumph'd in my Breaſt.
I lodg'd him near my yielding Heart,
Deny'd him not my Arms;
Deluded by his pleaſing Art,
Tranſported with his Charms.

The Wand'rer now I loſe, or ſhare
With ev'ry lovely Maid.
Who makes the Heart of Man her Care,
Shall have her own betray'd:
Our Charms on them we vainly prove,
And think we Conqueſt gain;
Where one a Victim falls to Love,
A thouſand Tyrants reign.

For the FLUTE.



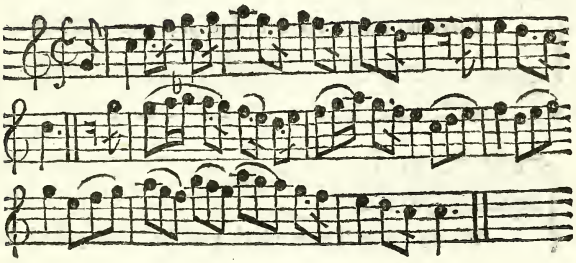
The HAPPY LOVER.

Tranſported with Pleaſure, I gaze on my Treaſure, And
Adagio
raviſh my Sight, And raviſh my Sight; While
ſhe, gaily ſmiling, My Anguiſh begui ——
—— —— —— ling, Augments my Delight.

How

How bleſt is a Lover,
Whoſe Torments are over,
His Fears and his Pain; his Fears and his Pain;
When Beauty, relenting,
Repays, with Conſenting,
Her Scorn and Diſdain.

For the FLUTE.



To the Diſconſolate DORIS.

Fie! pretty *Doris,* weep no more; Doubtleſs your
Love is ſafe on Shore, Deſpight of Wave and
Wind; The Tears which you ſo freely ſhed, Are
much too precious for the Dead, And for the
Quick too kind.

Fie! pretty *Doris*, ſigh no more;
The Gods your *Damon* will reſtore,
From Rocks and Quick-ſands free;
Your Wiſhes will ſecure his Way,
And doubtleſs he, for whom you pray,
May laugh at Deſtiny.

Still then thoſe Tempeſts of your Breaſt,
And ſet that pretty Heart at reſt;
The Man will ſoon return:
Thoſe Sighs for Heav'n are only fit,
Arabian Gums are not ſo ſweet,
Nor Off'rings when they burn.

On him you laviſh Grief in vain,
Can't be lamented, nor complain,
Whilſt you continue true:
That Man Diſaſter is above,
And needs no Pity, that does love,
And is belov'd by you.

To the foregoing Tune.

YOUNG *Thyrſis*, once an am'rous Swain,
Saw Two, the Beauties of the Plain,
Who both his Heart ſubdue:

Gay *Celia*'s Eyes were dazling fair;
Sabina's eaſy Shape and Air
With ſofter Magick drew.

He haunts the Stream, he haunts the Grove,
Lives in a fond Romance of Love,
And ſeems for each to die;
'Till each a little ſpiteful grown,
Sabina, *Celia*'s Shape ran down;
And ſhe *Sabina*'s Eye.

Their Envy made the Shepherd find
Thoſe Eyes, which Love cou'd only blind;
So ſet the Lover free:
No more he haunts the Grove or Stream,
Or, with a true-love Knot and Name,
Engraves a wounded Tree.

Ah, *Celia!* (ſly *Sabina* cry'd)
Now to ſupport the Sex's Pride,
Let either fix the Dart.
Poor Girl! (ſays *Celia*) ſay no more;
For, ſhou'd the Swain but one adore,
'Twou'd break the other's Heart.

For

For the FLUTE.

B L O U Z I B E L.

By Mr. BAKER.

[To the Tune of *Sally.*]

Of *Anna*'s Charms let others tell, Or bright *E-*
li--za's Beauty: My Song ſhall be of *Blouzi-*
bel, To ſing of her's my Duty: The Fair, who
arm'd with *Cupid*'s Darts, His Flames, and
other

To laviſh Nature much ſhe owes,
And much to Education:
The Girls, and Boys, and Belles, and Beaux,
Are ſtruck with Admiration;
For, blended in her Cheek, there lies
The Carrot and the Turnep,
And who beholds her blazing Eyes
His very Heart they burn up.

Her dainty Hands are red and blue!
Her Teeth all black and yellow!
Her curling Hair of Saffron Hue!
Her Lips like any Tallow!
Her Voice ſo loud, and eke ſo ſhrill;
Far off it is admir'd!
Her Tongue! — which never yet lay ſtill,
And yet was never tir'd!

Ten thouſand Wonders riſe to View
All o'er the lovely Creature!
The pearly Sweat, like Morning-Dew,
Gilds ev'ry ſhining Feature!
As *Iſaac* of his *Eſau* ſaid,
She like a Foreſt ſavours;
Thrice happy Man for whom the Maid
Reſerves her hidden Favours.

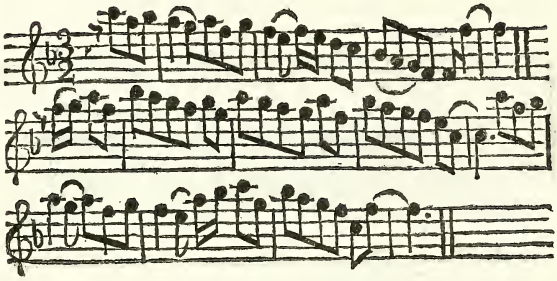
O *Blouzibel!* for Thee we pant,
To Thee our Hopes aſpire;
For Thou haſt all which Lovers want
To quench their raging Fire.
Then kindly take us to thine Arms,
And in Compaſſion ſave us
From *Anna*'s and *Eliza*'s Charms,
Which cruelly enſlave us.

To the foregoing Tune.

LOOK where my dear *Hamilla* ſmiles,
Hamilla! heav'nly Charmer;
See how, with all their Arts and Wiles,
The Loves and Graces arm her.
A Bluſh dwells glowing on her Cheeks,
Fair Seats of youthful Pleaſures;
There Love in ſmiling Language ſpeaks,
There ſpreads his roſy Treaſures.

O faireſt Maid, I own thy Pow'r,
I gaze, I ſigh, I languiſh;
Yet, ever, ever will adore,
And triumph in my Anguiſh.
But eaſe, O Charmer, eaſe my Care,
And let my Torments move thee;
As thou art faireſt of the Fair,
So I the deareſt love thee.

For the FLUTE.



The MILK-MAID.

By Mr. *W. BEDINGFIELD.*

To the Tune of Bright AURELIA.

Ma----ri---a, when my Sight you bleſs, Each
Morn beneath your Cow, How can the Swain his
Joy expreſs, To ſee thee in thy rural
Dreſs, And hear thee Singing too?

Thy

Thy milk-white Waiſtcoat, free from Stain,
Denotes thy purer Thought,
As clear from Falſhood as Diſdain;
And in thy ſoft and chearful Strain
My Cares are all forgot.

Thy Breath excels the Breath of Morn,
More fragrant than the Hay;
Or Flow'rs, tho' in thy Boſom worn;
Or Clover-Graſs; or green-ear'd Corn;
Or Cows, more ſweet than they.

Thy modeſt Cheeks out-bluſh the Roſe,
Whilſt I thy Charms recite;
Thy Lips are Cherries; Eyes are Sloes;
And thy engaging Smiles diſcloſe
Two Rows of Iv'ry white.

But Oh, the Burden of my Song!
Thoſe Charms may fall a Prey,
And be commanded, right or wrong,
By ſome dull Clown, whoſe vulgar Tongue
Can neither Sing nor Say.

The Vi'let thus, that in the Mead
Regal'd our Smell, alas!
No more muſt rear its bloomy Head,
Stamp'd in by ſome black Ox's Tread,
Or chew'd with common Graſs.

The chearful Mornings, once ſo bleſt,
Soft Ev'nings too, are o'er:
Ye Cows, whoſe Teats *Maria* preſt,
Farewel; my Pipe has done its beſt,
Maria ſmiles no more.

The WIT *and the* BEAU.

[*To the foregoing Tune.*]

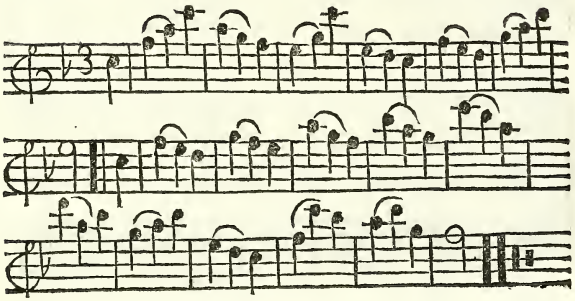
WITH ev'ry Grace young *Strephon* choſe
His Perſon to adorn,
That, by the Beauties of his Face,
In *Silvia*'s Love he might find Place,
And wonder'd at her Scorn.

With Bows and Smiles he did his Part;
But oh! 'twas all in vain:
A Youth leſs fine, a Youth of Art,
Had talk'd himſelf into her Heart,
And wou'd not out again.

With change of Habits *Strephon* preſs'd,
And urg'd her to admire;
His Love alone the other dreſs'd,
As Verſe, or Proſe became it beſt,
And mov'd her ſoft Deſire.

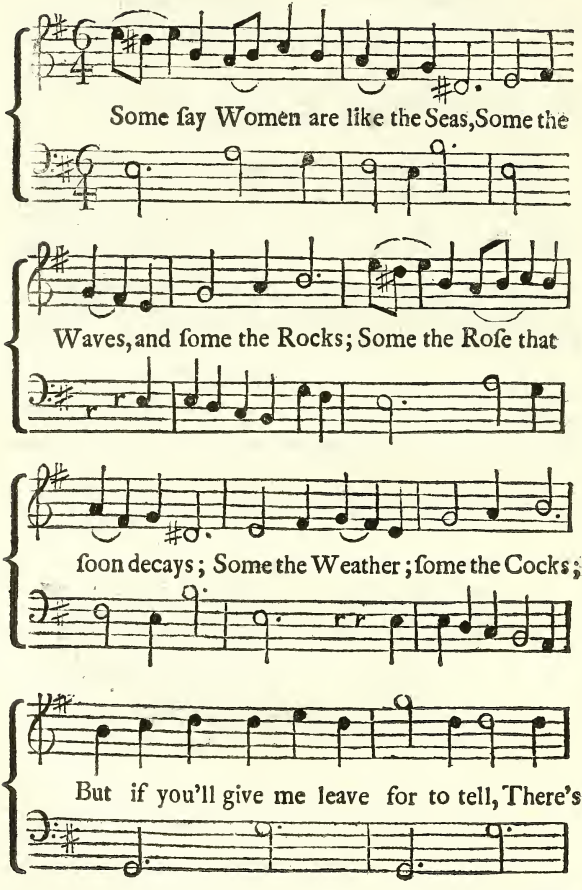
This found; his Courtſhip *Strephon* ends,
Or makes it to his Glaſs;
There in himſelf now ſeeks Amends;
Convinc'd, that where a *Wit* pretends,
A *Beau* is but an Aſs.

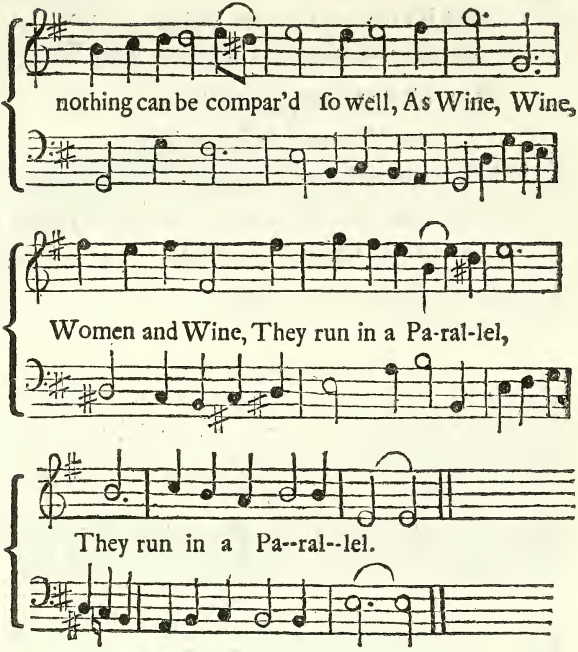
For the FLUTE.



The COMPARISON.

Set by Mr. *JAMES GRAVES.*


Some ſay Women are like the Seas, Some the
Waves, and ſome the Rocks; Some the Roſe that
ſoon decays; Some the Weather; ſome the Cocks;
But if you'll give me leave for to tell, There's
nothing



Women are Witches when they will,
So is Wine, ſo is Wine;
They make the Stateſman loſe his Skill,
The Soldier, Lawyer, and Divine,
They put a Gigg in the graveſt Skull,
And ſend their Wits to gather Wool:
'Tis Wine, Wine, Women and Wine, they run in a Parallel, they run in a Parallel.

What

What is't that makes your Viſage ſo pale?
What is't makes your Looks divine?
What is't that makes your Courage to fail?
Is it not Women? Is it not Wine?
'Tis Wine that will make you ſick when you're well;
'Tis Women that makes your Forehead to ſwell;
'Tis Wine, Wine, Women and Wine, they run in a Parallel, they run in a Parallel.

For the FLUTE.

A PASTORAL COURTSHIP.

Set by Mr. ABIEL WHICHELLO.

Gentle Zephyrs, ſi---lent Glades, Purling
Streams, and cooling Shades, Senſes pleaſing,
Pains ap--peaſing, Love each tender Breaſt in-
vades.

Here the Graces Beauties bring,
Here the warbling Choiriſts ſing,
Love inſpiring,
All deſiring
To adorn the Infant Spring.

Here behold the am'rous Swains,
Free from Anguiſh, free from Pains,
Nymphs complying,
Cares defying
Venus ſmiling glads the Plains.

Let not us, too charming Fair,
Be the only hapleſs Pair:
O relieve me;
Ceaſe to grieve me;
Eaſe your anxious Lover's Care.

Kindly here indulge my Love;
'Tis, my Dear, no tattling Grove;
Not revealing,
But concealing;
All to Love propitious prove.

In thy Air and charming Face,
Dwells an irreſiſtleſs Grace;
Ever charming,
Love alarming,
To purſue the bliſsful Chace.

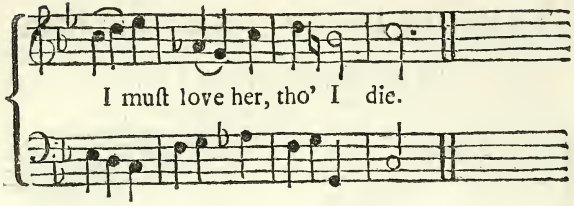
Let me touch this panting Breaſt;
Here for ever let me reſt;
Bliſs enjoying,
Never cloying,
Ever loving, ever bleſt.

For the FLUTE.

Advice to PHILLIS.

The Tune by Mr. ANTHONY YOUNG.

Phillis has ſuch charming Graces, Beauty
triumphs in her Eye: She was made for
the Em--bra---ces Of ſome mighty De---i-
ty. *Phillis* has ſuch charming Graces,



Have a care, celeſtial Creature,
Coyneſs may your Beauty pall;
You an Angel are by Nature;
Angels by their Pride loſt all.
Have a care, celeſtial Creature,
Leſt I triumph in your Fall.

For the FLUTE.

The Words by Lord *GAINSBOROUGH.*

Set by Mr. J. SHEELES.

tilla's Charms, And meet thoſe Eyes, And meet thoſe
Eyes that dart my Fate. I gaze on dear *Myr-*
til----la's Charms, And meet thoſe Eyes, and meet thoſe
Adagio.
Eyes that dart —— my Fate.

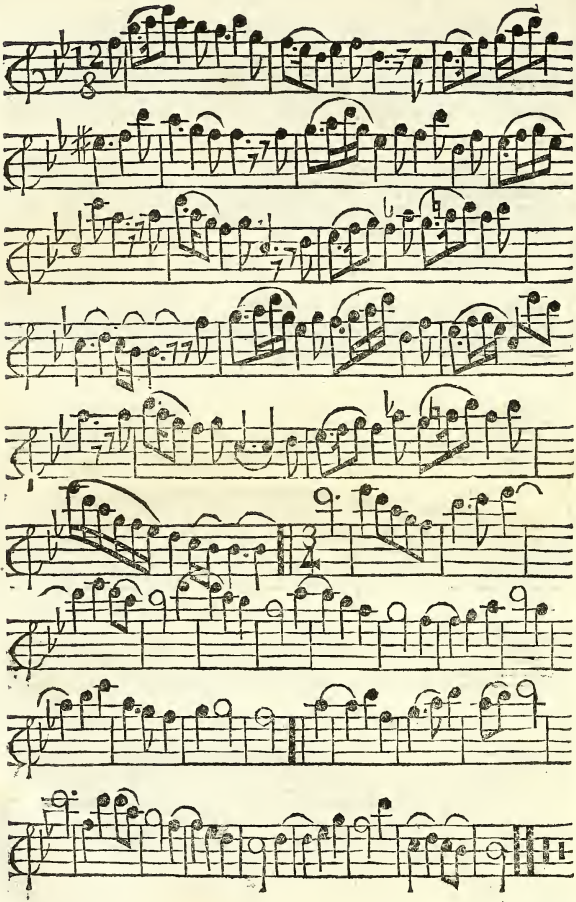
So

So, ſo the fond
Moth round Tapers plays, Nor dreams of
Death, in ſuch bright Fires, nor dreams of

Death

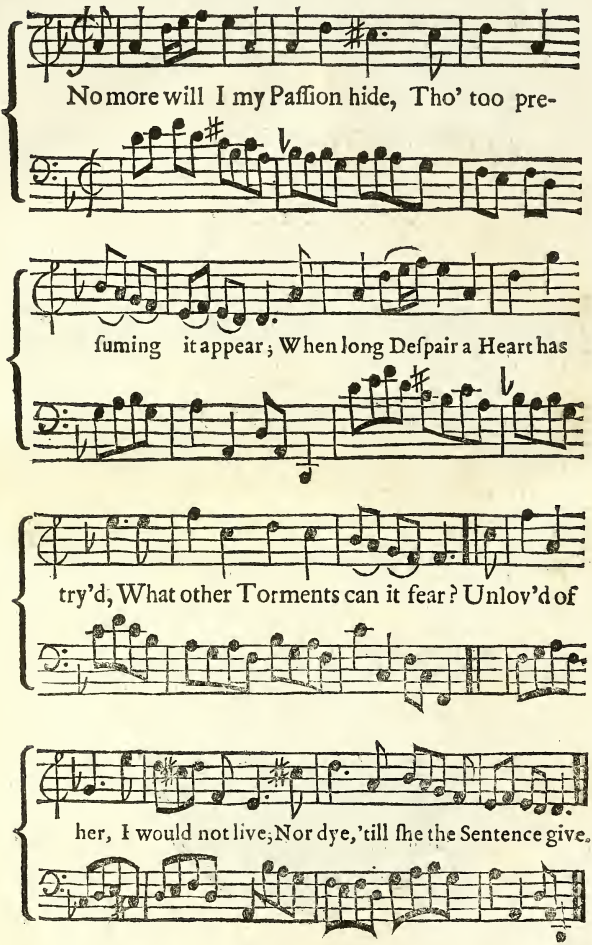
Death, nor dreams of Death in ſuch bright Fires.
With Joy he haſtes into the Blaze, He courts his
Doom, and there expires, He courts his
Doom, and there ex--pires.

For the FLUTE.



The

The CONSTANT LOVER.


No more will I my Paſſion hide, Tho' too pre-
ſuming it appear; When long Deſpair a Heart has
try'd, What other Torments can it fear? Unlov'd of
her, I would not live, Nor dye, 'till ſhe the Sentence give.

Why

Why ſhould the Fair offended be,
If Virtue charm in Beauty's Dreſs;
If where ſo much Divine I ſee,
My open Vows the Saint confeſs?
Awak'd by Wonders in her Eyes,
My former Idols I deſpiſe.

For the FLUTE.

The End of the Fourth Volume.